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Vol. CXCV No. 2539 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 2 1948

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A CARROLLINGIAN KNIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

"I'm sure those are not the right words" said Alice

I'll tell thee how it all began,
There's plenty to relate;
I saw an aged, aged man
Do handstands on a gate.
"Where do you get the strength" I cried
"To do those acrobatics?"
It seemed to me the man defied
The laws of hydrostatics.

He said, "It is my rule to drink
A Guinness every day.
You cannot do the trick with ink
Or isinglass, or hay.
And this it is that does me good
And so improves my powers —
Believe me, Sir, I've often stood
Like this for hours and hours."

So when I have a job I hate,
Like splitting 3 foot logs,
Or find I'm asked to separate
Some very savage dogs,
Or if I have to shovel snow
My rule through thick-and-thin is
To think of that old man, and go
And have a Guinness, for there's no
Potation that I relish so,
And what is better still, I know
It does me good, and makes me glow,
And burst with braggadocio;
Which goes, it seems to me, to show
There's nothing like a Guinness.

'My move' said the White Knight

(With acknowledgements to Macmillan & Co.)

G.E.1361

Volume CXCV No. 2539 The SPHERE, London, October 2, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

MR. VYSHINSKY'S PARIS ORATION—THE DEPUTY FOREIGN MINISTER OF THE SOVIET UNION ADDRESSING THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS AT THE PALAIS DE CHAILLOT WHEN HE CALLED FOR AN ALL-ROUND REDUCTION IN ARMAMENTS: The speech, omitting all reference to the Berlin crisis, came at a moment when the three Western Powers had decided to refer the German deadlock to the Security Council. Behind Mr. Vyshinsky is Dr. Evatt (Australia)

Andrei Vyshinsky's statement in Paris, when he called last week for armaments to be reduced all round by one third, offered the bare possibility of a loophole for peace, and, as Britain's War Minister stated, it was incumbent upon the Western Powers to examine the statement for sincerity. If Russia were truly sincere, and that would, of course, necessitate the acceptance by Russia of inspecting commissions, the Western Powers might in certain circumstances welcome the Vyshinsky plan. Meanwhile the dispute over Berlin had been submitted by the Western Allies to the Security Council of the United Nations. It was feared last week-end that, as a result of this move, Russia might decide to walk out of the United Nations, and it was realised that, even if she stayed, she would veto constantly unfavourable decisions. In Paris there was a feeling of the gravest disquietude among the delegates at the Palais de Chaillot. Mr. Bevin possibly spoke for majority opinion in the West when he declared: "There will be no Munich this time"

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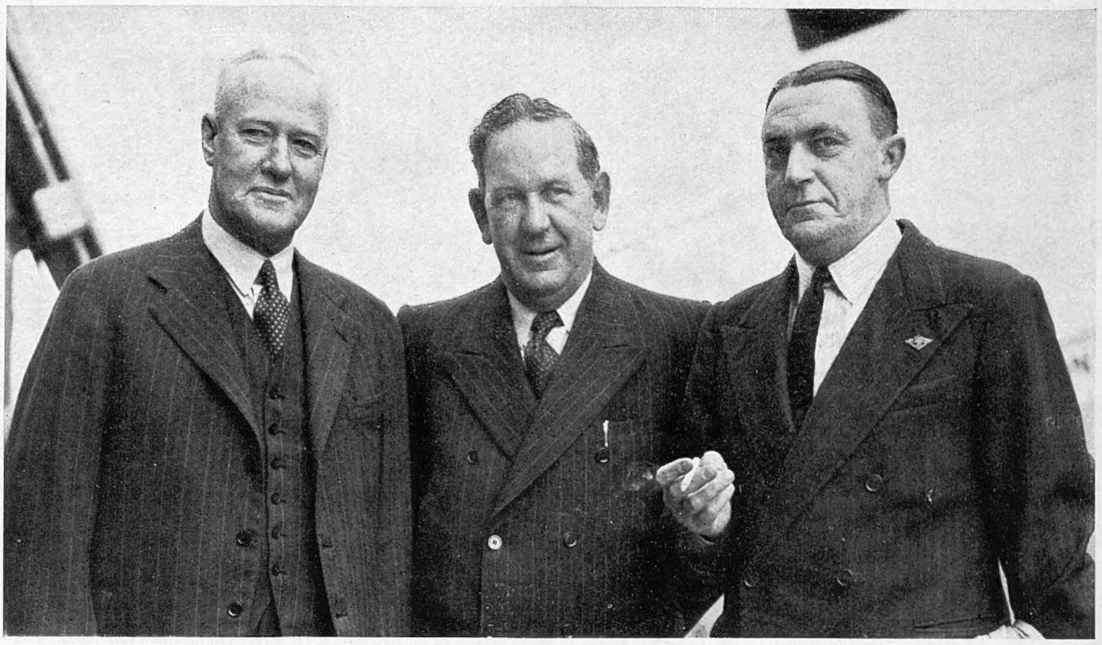
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Courage the Only Salvation.—Lord Salisbury (and others after him) very rightly blew the gaff on the U.N. So long as the veto remains, the U.N. is not only proved no deterrent, but a positive stimulus to suspicion and bitterness. Russia and her satellites have sabotaged such machinery as its blue-print gave it by the use of the veto, which was the bribe reluctantly conceded to bring Russia in. Without Russia, there could be no effective world organisation for peace, and Russia has used the bribe to kill it stone dead. Looking back over the past futile, fearful years of peace, we prepare to acknowledge the truth and the death of U.N., and we realise that it is largely a tragedy of cowardice. And every excuse can be found for the lack of courage shown by smaller states bordering on the mighty neighbour, victorious, ready-armed, clear of purpose, restricted in action by no antiquated charter of diplomatic conventions. The inclusion of Russia did not bring peace. And now something else must take the place of a world organisation—a regional defence and union to resist the aggression of Communism. In old days, this alternative device used to be called *the balance of power*, a theory widely condemned between wars, and to this day, as the prime cause of world wars. But what else is there? And even this eleventh-hour device, this old expedient under a new title, is not to be attained in time without infinite courage swiftly translated into action involving the surrender of a great deal of national prejudice and national aims. So the situation stood up to the third meeting of the U.N. when the Russian delegate put forward its expected "surprise" proposal—to save the U.N. and the peace, and possibly to shelve discussion on the veto.

Disarmament and Atom Control.—Here, then, is Russia's proposal to bring about the two chief longings of all suffering peoples—to reduce at once by one-third the armed forces of the nations. (That implies reducing Russia's army-in-the-field from 4,000,000 to 2⅔ million.) And to secure final and absolute control of atomic weapons of war. How is this proposal to be met? With jeers and sneers by the Western delegates, or with thankfulness and full support? The man-in-the-street in every country must be praying for a right judgment from his own delegates. *He* knows, as well as Mr. Bevin and Mr. Truman, that futile months have been spent in seeking to achieve those very aims and that the Russians have talked out the discussions and made them of none effect. What use, then, to treat a new proposal for new conferences to the same end seriously? Russia is only playing for time, throwing new dust, and so forth, determined to have her way in her own way. Yet never was a right judgment so necessary, never was the method of reply to this old and suspect method of approach of more vital concern to civilisation. And I, for one, hope that the jeers and sneers of the journalists and experts on the spot will be soft-pedalled, and that when the responsible statesmen come to reply to this tailpiece to another brutal Russian note, they will not choose such phrases as "an obvious manœuvre," "an excuse for walking-out." God knows, Messrs. Bevin and Marshall can have few illusions left to them, but (if only for historical records) this is an occasion for one more effort at restraint and good manners. The peoples of the world demand it, clutching at any straw.

Mr. Bevin's Flying Visit.—Mr. Bevin returned to London from Paris for a flying visit and a speech from which much was expected and not much emerged. The iron curtain was not lifted to reveal any 'oof of any 'orse in the Moscow circus. The time for that is not yet ripe—and, God knows, the times are sour and green enough. What Mr. Bevin said showed pluck, or bluff, or faith—or a mixture of all three. The Western Powers, he declared, are in absolute agreement to continue their policy in Berlin, and in equal agreement on the policy they will pursue if their present policy fails. The time can't be far off (I supposed) for the disclosure of Policy No. 2, but Mr. Bevin did not say so. On the contrary, the air-lift is being increased again, and he is confident it will see the winter through, however severe the weather. There, then, he leaves the matter, iron curtain ranged behind iron curtain, and Time, apparently, "all on our side." Bluff—and certainly pluck. I am not so sure of faith. But perhaps we shall have good news out of Paris, now that Mr. Bevin is back there.



EMPIRE PREMIERS IN LONDON—THREE OF THE AUSTRALIAN DELEGATES WHO ARRIVED LAST WEEK-END FOR THE EMPIRE PARLIAMENTARY CONFERENCE TO BE HELD THIS MONTH: Left to right: Mr. J. McGirr, Premier of New South Wales; Mr. Rosevear, Speaker of the Federal House of Representatives; and Mr. T. T. Holloway, Premier of Victoria

Off the Record.—"It is curious how a chance phrase, even a chance word, may affect the whole interpretation of a speech. That was so with the Foreign Secretary's statement on the Berlin situation in the House of Commons on Wednesday, the 22nd. He used the phrase, 'I am not saying we are committed to war and all the other things that might ensue—we have not reached that stage yet.' The final word riveted the attention of his hearers, and received the most ominous interpretation. Actually all the last seven words were pretty certainly a sudden improvisation, and not part of the manuscript Mr. Bevin was reading from. In any case, I have the best of authority for saying that he was unconscious of having used the word 'yet,' and meant only to say, and to emphasise, 'we have not reached that stage.'" So commented Mr. Spectator very punctually following Mr. Bevin's now famous speech. One of the reasons why proceedings in Parliament are so dreary nowadays is that Ministers no longer employ oratory, but read scripts meticulously phrased, and read them very badly. But (none knows better than Mr. Bevin) script is safer where the world is waiting to pounce on a word unweighed. But (again) that word "yet," whether it fell or did not fall from Mr. Bevin, signifies nothing at all. There is nowadays no stage when war becomes imminent. No one wants it, no one can stop it. It comes, when a gang of men are prepared to play with explosives, in a flash. The air-lift goes on; a single incident, a mere accident caused by one young or foolish Russian airman, and the thing is on us. Bevin knows no more, perhaps Stalin knows no more, of when and how, if ever, than you or I. Bevin's "yet" is of no significance at all.

Millions Wait. . . .—M. Auriol said the essential words at the opening of the General Assembly. I thought he might have put them even more forcibly. The delegates of the nations that sit in darkness—still, as of old, in the shadow of death—are met together to contrive peace or the outlawry of war. These men are the chosen, and so, in some sort, the accepted, wise men, law-givers, statesmen of the hour. All represent enormous numbers of common men who are united in one thing—which no barrier of language, custom and race, no poison of propaganda and lie and hate, can eradicate—a passionate longing for peace, for some return of security and a sense of permanence in their unhappy lives. One race may despise its neighbours, misunderstand their characters, dislike or condemn their habits and customs, but none can be said so to hate its neighbour nation as to wish to launch into a third world war. Among these millions on millions of common men, it is true that there are gangs and cliques ever ready to plot and to kill, ever ready to listen to provocative agents, to be set on fire by firebrands. But these gangs do not represent a hundredth part of 1 per cent. of humanity which pleads for peace and would gladly sacrifice all nationalist aims, even legitimate, to secure it. Thus the responsibility of those delegates in Paris is as clear as it is heavy. They are mouthpieces for millions. Their obligation to speak not for themselves but for the vast majority of their nations is absolute. If they fail to do so, if from personal vanity or love of power they speak for themselves, or resist the universal will, they are traitors not to peace only, but to their own people. Millions to-day wait on these few.

Parliament Bill.—As expected, the Lords rejected the Parliament Bill, and the purpose of the Special Session is disposed of. What else could the Lords do but reject a bare-faced sham to make a total sham of Second Chamber Government? And this time the Liberals, voiced by Lord Samuel, were as whole-hog and unanimous as the Conservatives. Far better, as Lord Salisbury said, to abolish the Second Chamber altogether. Then at last the man-in-the-street, who never will measure anything but a *fait accompli*, would appreciate what Single Chamber Government means to him.

Compulsion and Insurance.—Two months and more after the "opening day," the figures reveal that half the self-employed and non-employed adults have failed to apply for insurance cards. Under the Act these people cannot be compelled to apply, but the Act does compel them to pay their contributions. And (as I know), from deans to dustmen, a large percentage have neither applied nor paid. What the authorities (as I ventured to suggest in July) would not take into consideration was the stamp-licking complex. I am sixty-three and self-employed. I have my card and have stuck on a fair batch of stamps costing 6s. 2d. a week. And there is no possible benefit I can get from this outlay. If the authorities in cases like mine had shown a *little sympathy* for overwrought and testy old gentlemen, and agreed to accept a cheque covering the two borderline years (to the age of sixty-five) and to call it quits (as just one more direct tax), I am quite sure the 50 per cent. would be greatly reduced. We are inured to paying taxes, in special contributions; taxes on incomes we don't enjoy, on the estimated income from houses we bought from our savings in which we try to live, taxes from assessments on anything and everything, grossed-up, overlapping, and running together; but what we cannot stomach is another infliction of stamp-licking, visiting the village post office, finding the exact sums in cash, etc., and all this tiresome infliction without any present or future advantage. But, God bless us, the post office won't take a decent citizen's cheque. We are all dishonest in the eyes of the State.

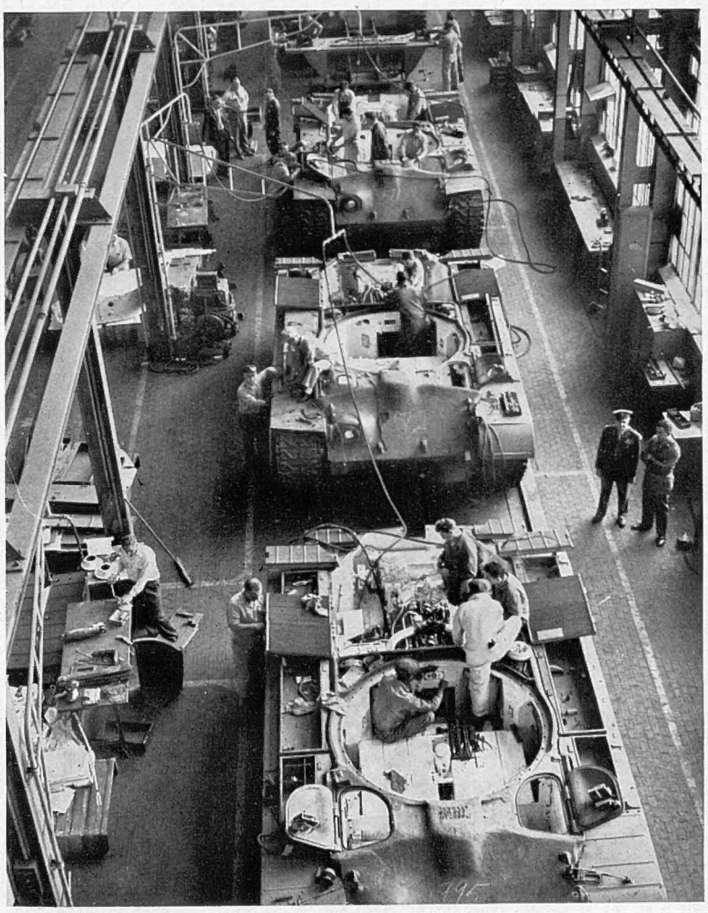
Harvest Home.—Farming reports must be local, if truth is the desired object. Town-bred officials are all too prone to generalisation before and after harvest, and usually to optimistic generalisation. The harvest is certainly home in my corner of England, but a day journey from Inverness to Rugby would tell another story. Our southern harvest is not as good as last year's, but not more than 15 per cent. worse than what was hoped for during the summer. But a number of obedient farmers have been badly, cruelly *stung* with their potato crops. Small men who planted fifty acres of potatoes find, and will find, a bumper crop of enormous tubers a drug in a market gorged with imported potatoes and short of private buyers, who have plenty from their own patches. Someone has bungled, I suppose, and the best hope of covering the bungle seems to lie in a very swift move to increase our supply of home-reared bacon. These are the days for the Southern Counties when St. Luke has handed his gift of a summer spell to St. Matthew. Autumn is in the air of nights, but the mid-days are a benediction.

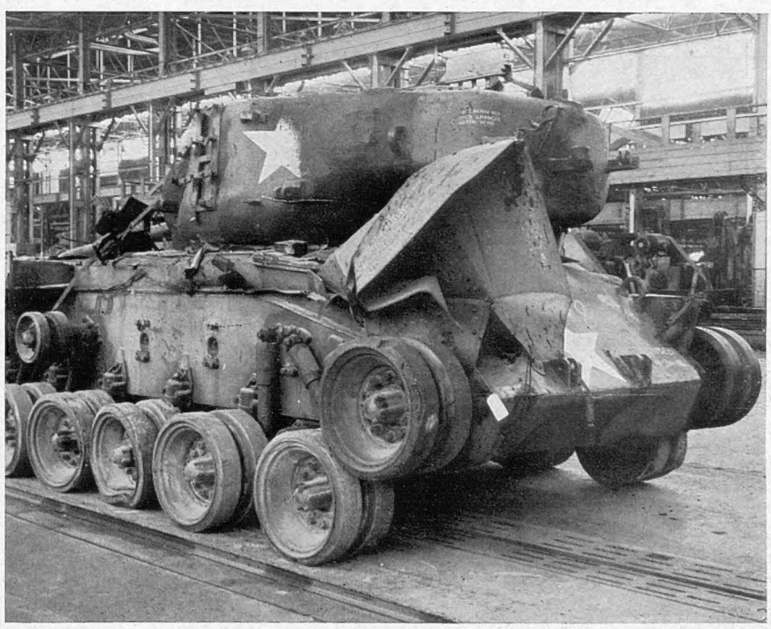
THE OLD STAGER

REPAIR WORK ON THE TIGER-CLASS CRUISER "SUPERB" AT CHATHAM DOCKYARD: A scene of activity aboard our most up-to-date cruiser, showing ladder repairs in progress, and seamen boys engaged in a signalling class. Chatham and other dockyards round the coast have large labour forces at their command, mostly consisting of civilian contractors, whose task it will now be to fit the vessels of the reserve fleet for action, taking frigates and destroyers out of pickle and putting them on a near-active service footing. At Chatham no fewer than 13,000 skilled workers are available

BRITAIN AND AMERICA LOOK TO THEIR ARMS

Repairing Warships at Chatham: Refurbishing Tanks at Detroit

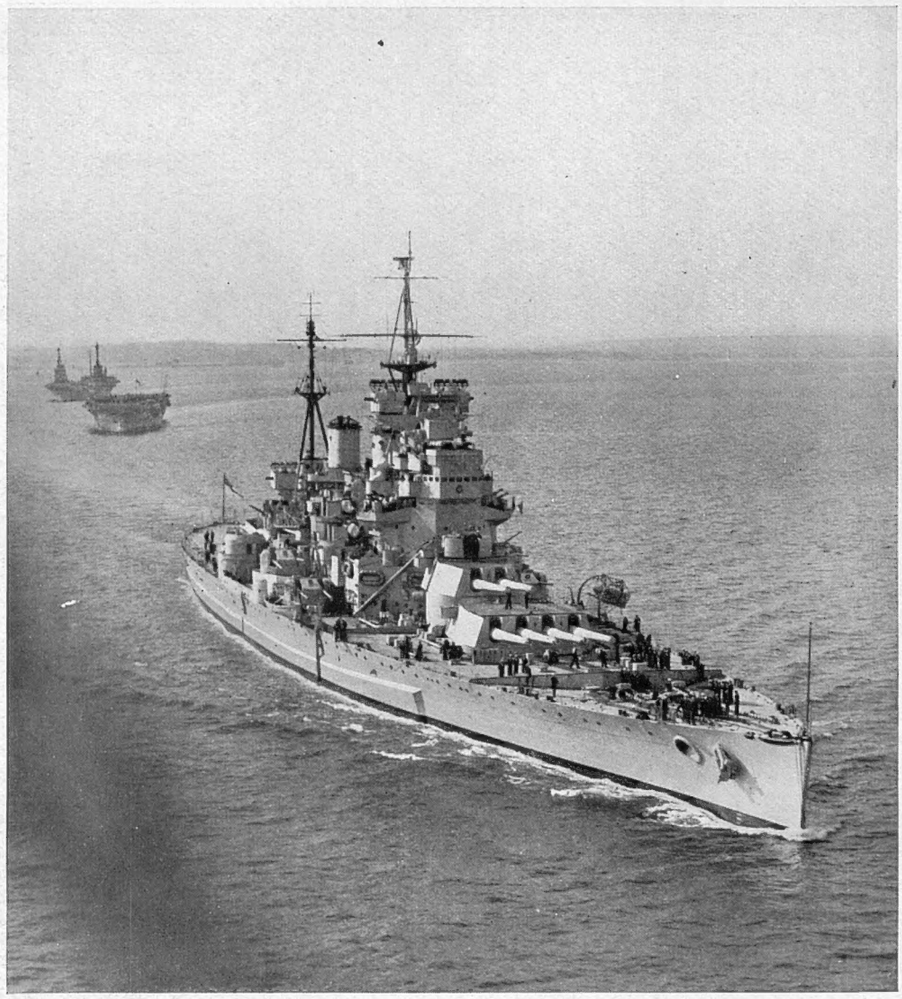




REFURBISHING TANKS AT THE UNITED STATES TANK ARSENAL AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN: *Left*—**A general view of the assembly line, where the equipment is being got ready for possible action after several years in pickle. In this section of the shops engines are being overhauled.** *Right*—**A veteran tank waiting to be examined by expert engineers, who will determine its usefulness. It may be completely dismantled, the sound parts being salvaged, or it may be refitted with new parts and then be washed, painted and greased. At the present moment it is hoped to bring refurbished tanks off the line at the rate of fifty per month**

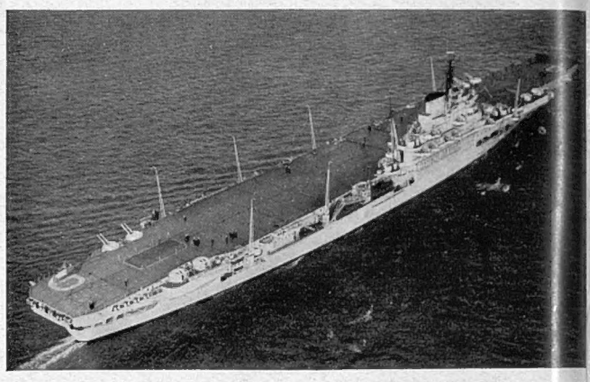
THE HOME FLEET SAILS FOR THE WEST INDIES

The Start of the Twelve-week Autumn Cruise



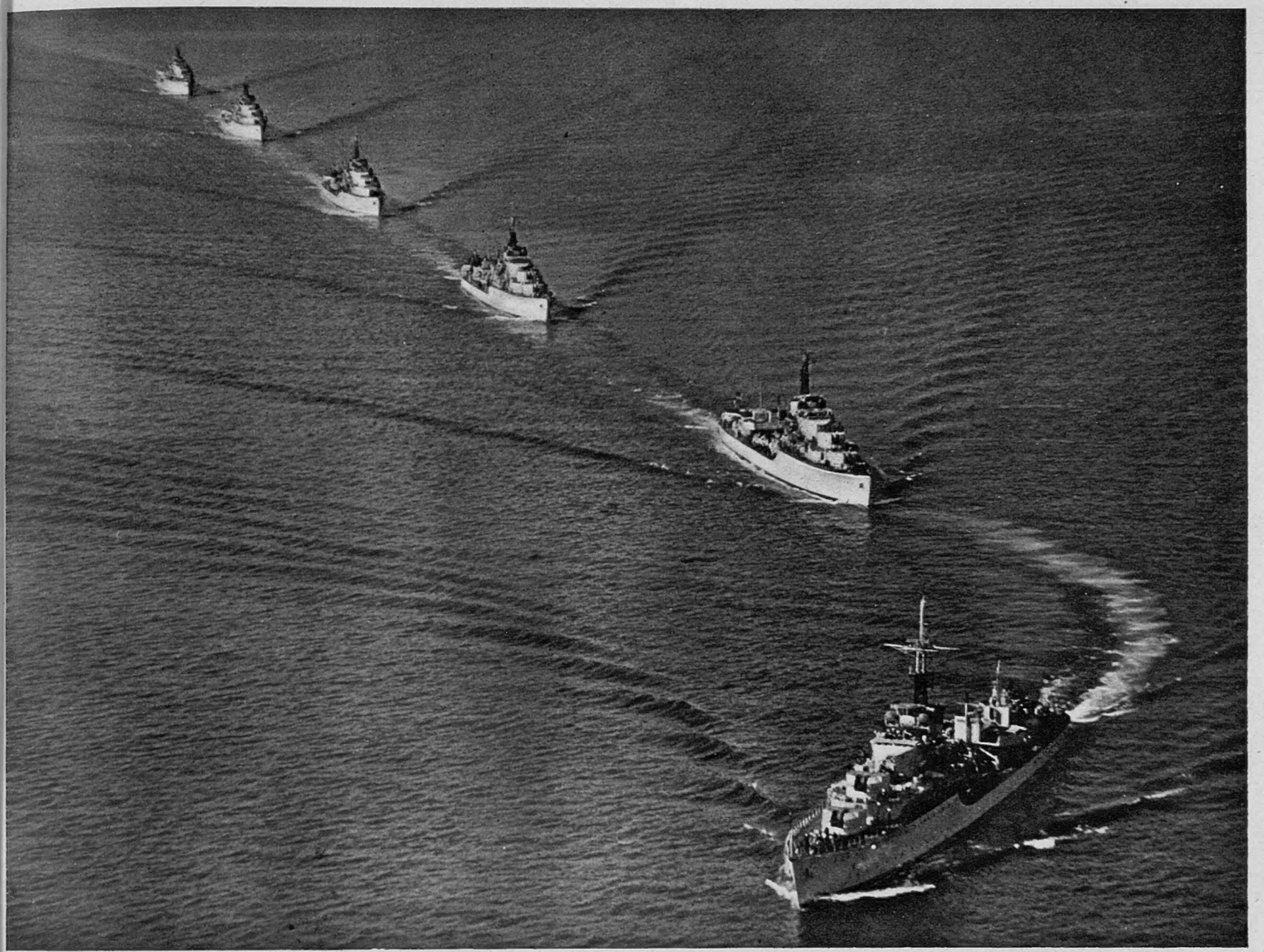
THE BATTLESHIP "DUKE OF YORK" LEADS THE HOME FLEET FROM PORTLAND HARBOUR: The 35,000-ton flagship of the Home Fleet, wearing the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, steaming into the Channel followed by two carriers. The first three days of this autumn cruise to the West Indies, a cruise which will take twelve weeks in all, and give many ratings their first experience of a long period at sea, were spent in exercises in which home-based ships and home-based air forces took part. On the first night out submarines and aircraft attacked the twenty warships of the Home Fleet in one of the biggest air-sea exercises which have been staged since the war. Watching the battle in the "Duke of York" were the First Lord of the Admiralty Viscount Hall, and other Admiralty officials. The "Duke of York," sister-ship of the "King George V," was completed in 1941

AS THE FLEET SET SAIL: Viscount Hall, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, aboard the battleship "Duke of York" before the Fleet set out from Portland on its twelve-week voyage to the West Indies and back. Viscount Hall remained aboard the "Duke of York" to witness the mock naval battle at the Western Approaches



A SPEARHEAD OF THE FLEET: The 23,000-ton carrier "Illustrious" setting out from Portland, her flight-deck clear of planes. "Illustrious," a sister-ship of "Victorious" and "Formidable," can accommodate approximately sixty aircraft

THE MASSED MIGHT OF BRITAIN'S DEPLETED BUT STILL FORMIDABLE NAVY: The gathering of warships in Portland Harbour before they set out for the autumn cruise. The flagship "Duke of York" is seen in the background towards the left beside one of the carriers. In addition the cruisers, "Diadem," "Cleopatra" and "Sirius" were also with the Fleet, while the total of twenty ships was made up by some of our latest destroyers of the Weapon class

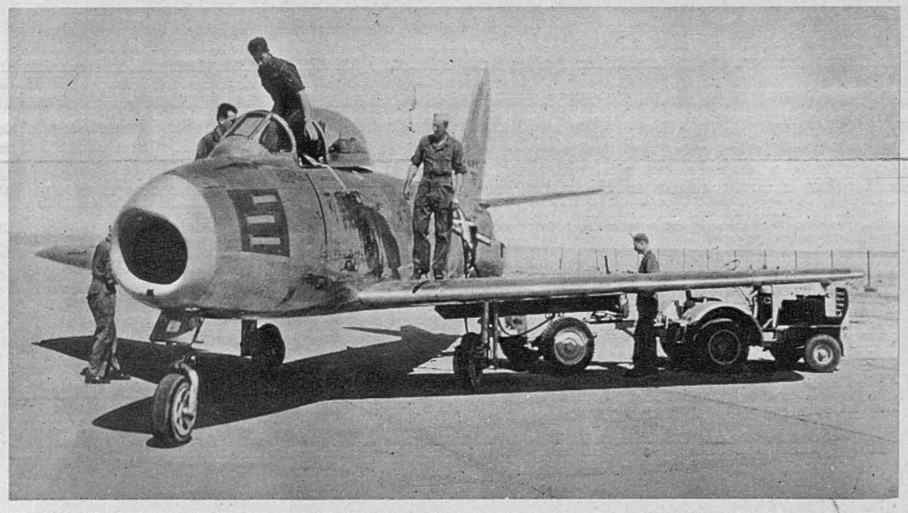


THE DESTROYERS OF THE HOME FLEET LEAVE PORTLAND HARBOUR IN LINE AHEAD: An impressive view of the warships as they set sail from their Home port. The new Weapon-class destroyers, based on lessons learnt in the Second World War, were well represented by seven ships, the leader being "Agincourt." The Weapon-class destroyers, distinguished by their lattice-work masts, have a displacement of 1,980 tons, a length of just over 341 ft., and an exceptionally wide range of action. The turbines are arranged *en échelon*, so that if a hit occurs in the engine-room the ship would be able to manœuvre on one set

STEAMING TOWARDS USHANT IN THE FADING LIGHT OF AN AUTUMN DAY: A dramatic impression of the Weapon-class destroyers of the Home Fleet, modern warships in a Navy that has been decimated in the scrapyards, as they set out on their long autumn cruise which will take them into the Caribbean

b

THE PARASITE FIGHTER UNDERGOES TRIALS—THE SHORT, STUBBY JET PLANE KNOWN AS THE XF85 IS CARRIED IN THE BOMB BAY OF A GIANT B29 SUPERFORTRESS: The picture *on the left* shows the parasite, which has no landing gear, about to be drawn back into the plane by the trapeze attachment, and (*right*) it is seen at the moment of release. It is intended that the parasite fighter shall be released over an operations area to go in and attack enemy fighters, afterwards returning to the parent aircraft for the journey back to base. The parasites have Westinghouse J34 engines. Their wing span is 21 ft. and the length of the fuselage is 15 ft. The tests depicted here were made over Muroc Airfield, California, and were to a large degree successful, although the parasite damaged its cockpit canopy when picking up the grapple after a twenty-minute independent flight. The XF85 is intended as the sole defensive armament for large American bombers.



THE UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCE RECAPTURES THE WORLD'S AIR SPEED RECORD: Major Richard L. Johnson climbing from the cockpit of his North American F86 swept-wing fighter at Muroc Air Base, California, after achieving a speed of 670·981 m.p.h. and beating the record of 650·796 m.p.h. made over a year ago at Muroc by Lieut.-Colonel Carl, of the U.S. Marine Corps, flying the Navy Douglas Skystreak. Only a week before achieving his success Major Johnson made an attempt to beat the record in full view of the public grandstand at the National Air Races at Cleveland, Ohio, but the attempt was unsuccessful, as on one flight the officials timing the event mistook a naval aircraft for the F 86, and on two other runs the plane was too near the timing cameras. The record-breaking F 86 mounts the new General Electric TG-190, wet-boosted to 6,000 lb. static thrust for take-off and speed bursts

"PARASITES" AND "PACKETS"

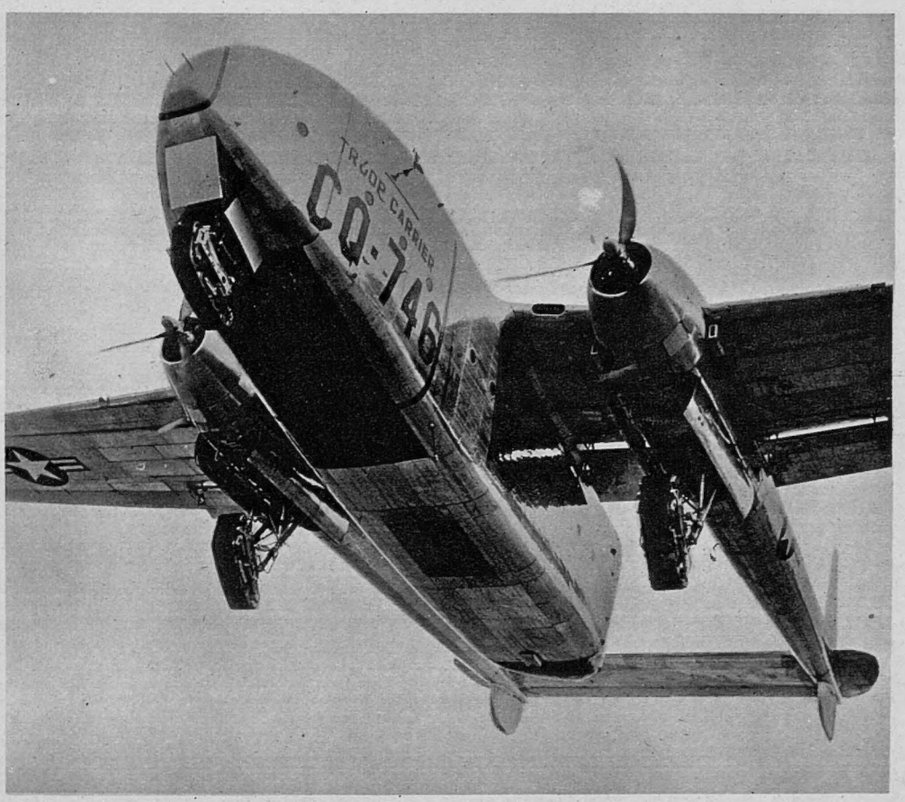
Some Features of Transatlantic Developments in Service Aviation

CANADA ALSO INTERESTS HERSELF IN FLYING-WING DESIGN: This Canadian-built tail-less glider has undergone flight-research tests from Edmonton, and when this picture was taken it was back at its home base at Arnprior, Ontario, after a towed flight of 2,400 miles

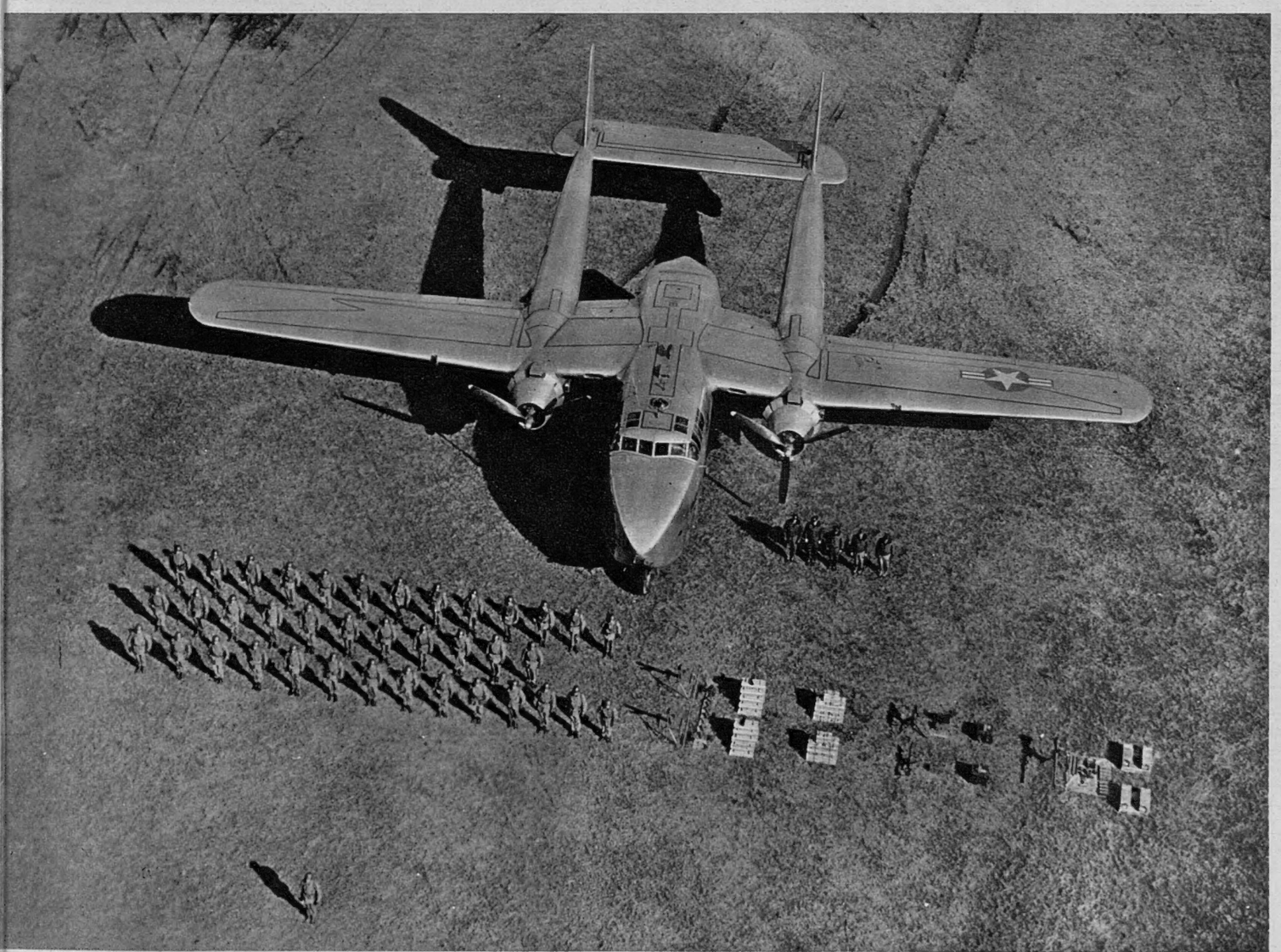
ONE OF AMERICA'S NEW C 82 TRANSPORTS NOW AIDING THE BERLIN AIR LIFT: The Fairchild Packet, which the United States Army has officially adopted as successor to the Douglas Dakota and the Curtiss Commando, seen on arrival at the Tempelhof Airfield, Berlin, with a cargo of nearly 8 tons of heavy goods and machinery. The C 82 had flown in from Wiesbaden, and with other machines of the same type is now employed regularly on this run. The Fairchild Packet is designed, among other things, for service as a paratroop carrier and for carrying guns for dropping by parachute

SOMETHING NEW IN JETS : This is the XF 89, the new experimental fighter built by Northrop's, of Hawthorne, California, for the United States Air Force and now undergoing flight tests at Muroc Airfield. The machine is a twin jet. Distinctive recognition features are the large-diameter wing wheels of the tricycle undercarriage, and the high tail assembly. The positioning of the jet equipment also adds to the distinctly unusual appearance of the XF 89

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE FAIRCHILD PACKET : This is a C 82 of the United States Air Force equipped with track-tread landing-gear. The caterpillars are said to be capable of standing up to very hard wear, and they enable landings with very heavy loads to be made on quite unprepared ground



THE AIRCRAFT WITH "MONSTER FOOTPRINTS" : A C 82 Fairchild Packet taking off during a demonstration of its tricycle-type, track-tread landing-gear at Hagerstown, Maryland. This equipment, which is not yet standard in the United States Air Force, absorbs the shock of landing on rotating cylinders within the caterpillar. The wide belt of the caterpillar track decreases ground-bearing pressure from 60 lb. to 20 lb. per square inch. The nose gear is of slightly different formation to the wing gears, but the principle is just the same. Air Material Command of the United States Air Force has been trying out the equipment for over eighteen months, and experiments in the Hagerstown area are said to have proved highly successful



WHEN A FAIRCHILD PACKET ACTS AS A TROOP-CARRIER : A C 82 on the airfield at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where the 82nd Airborne Division of the United States Army and the 316th Troop Carrier Group of the 9th Air Force have been co-operating in the work of lifting a whole division by air. In front of the C 82 are drawn up thirty-nine infantrymen, together with their light weapons, ammunition and other equipment. The five members of the crew stand beside the machine

WHAT BECOMES OF RHODES SCHOLARS?

A Penchant for Education and the Fourth Estate

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE precise object of the anonymous French donor in making over a sum of £1,500,000 to Oxford University, five-sixths to go to the construction of a new college and one sixth to the provision of extra quarters in existing colleges, was clear from the suggestions contained in the original offer.

The benefactor has found Oxford men good when employed in senior posts. Accordingly, two-thirds of the students at the proposed college were to be British and one-third French; all the students would engage on post-graduate work, bearing particularly on economics and international affairs; and the hope was to see emerge young men "of strong will and character as leaders of the future."

This is another way of saying that the students of St. Anthony's were expected to form the nucleus of an Anglo-French leadership corps when they went out into the world.

They would be very differently constructed from the young men I watched before the war being inculcated with the *Führerprinzip* at a castle-like institution near Aachen. Nevertheless, Oxford University and the leadership principle could not be too closely examined when brought into juxtaposition. There existed a precedent in the shape of the Rhodes Scholars, and it has probably influenced the course which St. Anthony's is to take.

In the forty-five years of their existence, more than 2,000 Rhodes Scholars have emanated from every British Dominion and Colony, and from all over the United States. Hardly had India turned into a Dominion than two Indian scholars made their appearance at Oxford.

Why limit the proposed new "Latin Rhodes" to the two Channel neighbours? Why not give breadth to the new college by including students from Western Europe as a whole, thus helping along Western Union in its early stages, should it ever come to fruition? Whether this is envisaged or not, there need not be the originally prescribed proportion of British and French students.

One is again reminded of the Rhodes Scholars on learning that the thinly-veiled shipping Mæcenas across the Channel has further agreed that the courses shall not be wholly post-graduate. One of the difficulties with Rhodes Scholars has lain in their late arrival at Oxford.

This has been a circumstance apart from the exceptional number of scholars who currently qualify as "old men." The maximum of 200 are in residence, which is a peak not likely to be maintained once the ex-Servicemen finish their courses. From the British Dominions and Colonies come 142, while the remainder are from the United States—the latter chosen from campuses in every one of the forty-eight States.

The Americans are both the oldest and the most-married. Forty-nine are ex-Servicemen, twenty-five are married, and the average age is twenty-five—about three years above the pre-war average. Altogether, sixty-five of the scholars have availed themselves of the relaxation of the celibacy rule and brought their wives with them to the University; and there are thirty children to complicate housing difficulties.

With rents ranging from £5 to £6 a week, a big hole is made in the £500 a year that the scholars get to finance their studies, from the gold and diamond fortune of Cecil Rhodes. American ex-Servicemen derive additional funds under the "G.I. Bill of Rights," but quite a number left lucrative posts to resume their studies and have required more than usual keenness to reconcile American living facilities with the shortage of food, chilly homes and cramped quarters of Oxford.

The present condition of the world has led to a switch-over from law as the most popular course. The biggest slice of the American Rhodes Scholars now take a course known as "P.P.E." (it had to be initials!). This stands for Philosophy, Politics and Economics, and brings to mind the accent placed by the French benefactor on economics and international affairs.

This is in two senses a suitable moment to enquire into what becomes of specially-selected scholars, for not only are these to be extended to a new field, but the Rhodes Scholars are themselves undergoing a change. Rightly or wrongly, a certain degree of snobbishness was attached to some of them in the past, whereas to-day you see them getting down to international brass-tacks and doing so in anything but a snobbish atmosphere—in modest lodgings, highly informal conditions, and an odd assortment of garments, including corduroys, old tweeds and Army clothes.

Rhodes thought in terms of continents and centuries. He actually mentioned "a thousand years" in connection with his great experiment in scholarship, so it is early yet to start making an assessment! He believed that if the best elements of British and American administrative and professional life could be brought together by some common bond which would eliminate past bitterness, the effect might be to provide a basis on which could eventually be erected a Federation of the English-speaking Peoples of the World.

As he sat and dreamed out his plan—which he did for more than half of his relatively short life—Rhodes caught the vision of a Federal Parliament sitting alternately in London and Washington, and capable of removing the causes and chances of war throughout the world by means of its benevolent administration and example.

So consumed by his idea was this practical idealist that he wrote no fewer than seven wills in which he expounded his principles, the first at the age of twenty-four, when he had been but a few years in South Africa, and the last as he lay a lonely, frustrated man, shortly before he died.

The final will provided scholarships of three years' duration, to permit 100 Americans and 100 Dominion scholars to come to Oxford at a time, with some additions from other parts. They were to replace each other in accordance with an intricate roster that ensured the widest penetration, so that no part of the English-speaking world should be omitted. And each applicant had to satisfy a selection board on four heads.

His educational career must have been outstanding for: literary and scholastic attainments; qualities of manhood; truth, courage, devotion to duty, protection of the weak, unselfishness and good fellowship; a marked capacity to take an interest in fellow-scholars and lead them; success in manly sports.

There were cynical reactions at the time to this list of attributes. "The Rhodes Paragon" became something of a butt—especially coming, as he did, from a man of Rhodes's bitter and unequal temper. "Scholar, saint and 'hearty' in one—it's too much to ask of human nature!"

Well, forty-five years have gone by, and more than 2,000 Rhodes Scholars have passed through Oxford.

Up to 1946, 16 per cent. obtained "firsts," 51 per cent. "seconds," while 25 per cent. got their "blues." Rhodes Scholars have provided the captains of the University Rugby, cricket, athletics and lawn-tennis teams. Whether this is a satisfactory yield must be left to others to say. It is when we move into the world without that we may form our own conclusions.

Very few have attained positions of real world prominence. I list Sir Howard Florey and Sir Hugh Cavins, the pioneers of penicillin; Mr. J. H. Hofmeyer, General Smuts's "brilliant second," and Clarence K. Streit, inceptor of "Union Now," to whom might be added the first Rhodes Scholar and the third Australian to become a peer, the former Sir Roy Lister Robinson, chairman of the Forestry Commission in the United Kingdom.

An American Rhodes Scholar is Co-ordinator of Aid to Greece and Turkey, and another was director of the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition. For soldier, General Sir Edmond Herring commanded in New Guinea. A Canadian has become a judge on the seldom-used International Court.

One is driven to the conclusion that Rhodes would have had to be satisfied with the aggregate influence exerted by his scholars in world affairs.

A dozen Rhodes Scholars are Colonial Governors, six are prominent as the presidents of railways, banks and industrial undertakings, forty are judges or K.C.s, five are headmasters of leading Dominions public schools, and one is a Canadian Archbishop.

It does look as if writing and education are the strongest fields in after-life. U.S. Rhodes Scholars have alone been responsible for nearly 500 books.

In the strongest sphere of all—education—academic leaders are to be found in all parts of the world, preaching the gospel according to Rhodes to unending thousands of Dominion, Empire and American youth. Most certainly Rhodes wanted this to happen. Would he have been satisfied with the rest? Would he have judged the distinctions elsewhere won in his name as fulfilment of his prayer for "the highest and the best" in English-speaking administrative and professional walks of life? Might he have been inclined to put into less perfect and exacting mould his guide for selection boards comprised of former scholars? It is a reflection that can be made both pertinently and with due respect.

SHORT SHRIFT FOR "LE PREMIER CITOYEN DU MONDE"

SPECTACLE FOR PARISIANS: Garry Davis, formerly of Philadelphia and a bomber pilot during the Second World War, recently renounced his American citizenship, tore up his passport, and, claiming to be the first citizen of the world, he set up his camp-bed in the middle of the Place du Trocadéro, beside the United Nations restaurant attached to the Palais de Chaillot, where the General Assembly of the United Nations met last week. As this was international territory by French Governmental decree, the premier citizen was confident he would not meet with interference. Mr. Davis was due for a shock

A RUDE AWAKENING FOR THE PREMIER CITIZEN: Garry Davis (*left*) outside his tent near the Palais de Chaillot, where for several days he had a considerable audience at his levée. One night, however, the French police intervened, and Davis is seen (*right*) as he was woken up and told to move himself forthwith from the precincts of the Palais. On refusing to move, the police hustled him from the area to the nearest police station

THE NEW CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TAKES SHAPE : An interior view of the Chamber looking towards the public gallery and showing the east and west steppings with various levels provided for the Government and Opposition and the bracketing for the galleries

A NEW COMMONS BY 1950

The Chamber Begins to Take Shape

Unseen by the general public, for the exterior of Parliament does not bear witness to the major disaster which overcame the Commons, the new Chamber is gradually taking shape, and, in a little over two years, members of "the best club in the world" will be able to return to the traditional site of their labours, and conclude their long sojourn as the guests of the Lords, whose powers they have sought so unremittingly to curtail. The work on the Commons Chamber appears to be going well, and already the Clipsham stone facings are being put up and the interior of it is taking definite shape. It will be a Chamber with many improvements upon its predecessor

THE STEEL SKELETON IS NOW BEING CLOTHED WITH STONE FACINGS : An exterior view of the Commons, showing two storeys of Clipsham stone already complete. Clipsham is being used in preference to the Church Anston stone which was employed in the old building

TIMBER FROM THE COMMONWEALTH FOR THE NEW HOUSE : Unloading from the Shaw Savill motor vessel "Taranaki" at the King George V Docks, London, black bean wood brought from North Queensland for the new chair for the Speaker

THE UNITED NATIONS IN PARIS

The World Counsellors Gather at the Palais de Chaillot

A MEETING OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL OF THE UNITED NATIONS IN THE PALAIS DE CHAILLOT, THE SPACIOUS BUILDING UPON WHICH THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT HAS SPENT £700,000 TO ACCOMMODATE THE WORLD COUNSELLORS: Seated in the centre of the crescent-shaped table is Sir Alexander Cadogan, of the United Kingdom, who presided at this meeting which was called upon to discuss the Hyderabad situation and which met under the shadow of the news that Count Bernadotte had been assassinated in Palestine.

On September 21 the Palais was the scene of the meeting of the General Assembly of the United Nations, the third meeting in its short and rather chequered history and its first in the French capital. It had on its agenda questions as dangerous and as controversial as Palestine, Korea and the Balkans, the future of the Italian colonies and the failure of the Atomic Commission

ANDREI VISHINSKY ARRIVES IN PARIS: Russia's Deputy Foreign Minister seen at Orly Airfield in company with Madame Vishinsky as he arrived for the opening of the United Nations Assembly

BRITAIN'S FOREIGN SECRETARY IN PARIS: Mr. Bevin arriving at the Quai d'Orsay in company with Sir Oliver Harvey, British Ambassador in Paris

THE PALAIS DE CHAILLOT IS GROOMED FOR ITS GREAT MOMENT IN HISTORY: A general view of the main hall where the delegates to the United Nations Assembly met last week to discuss the many controversial issues lying before them. The Palais, which will be the home of the General Assembly of the United Nations from this month until the end of December, stands on the site of the old Trocadero in the midst of an internationalised area, having its own police force and administration

MR. MARSHALL ARRIVES IN PARIS: The United States Secretary of State with Ambassador Caffery, and (on right) Mrs. Marshall in company with Mrs. Caffery. Mr. Marshall took the precaution of bringing with him Mr. John Foster Dulles (Republican), Mr. Dewey's adviser

For Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin the meeting of the General Assembly of the United Nations was well timed, for it gave them an opportunity to meet at a moment when the Berlin question was nearing crisis. Their meeting, in company with M. Schuman, took place at the Quai d'Orsay, and rather tended to take away some of the limelight from the Assembly at the reconditioned Palais de Chaillot, in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower. The Palais de Chaillot, which made its bow at the 1937 French Exhibition, stands on the site of the former Trocadero which, rather like the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, outwore its early fame. For three months now the Palais will accommodate the world counsellors, who will meet there on internationalised territory, dubbed by the French Press "Unosia." Twenty-nine years ago Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando, the Big Four of their day, were similarly thrashing out problems in Paris, and that Conference, with all its lobbying and intrigue, was no more fruitful in its lasting results than the present gathering is expected to be with Mr. Marshall, Mr. Bevin, Mr. Molotov and the French representative, whoever he may be, debating the problems of a sharply divided Continent.

TWO MINDS IN HARMONY: Sir Alexander Cadogan, President of the Security Council of the United Nations, during its first session in Paris, holds up his hands for silence, as also does the Assistant Secretary-General, Mr. Arkady Soblev, of Russia

THE SECURITY COUNCIL TAKES A VOTE: Dr. Jose Arce, of the Argentine, M. Roland Lebeau, of Belgium, and Mr. Charles Ritchie, of Canada, recording their votes during a session

BRITAIN SHOWS HER WARES TO DENMARK

The Copenhagen Exhibition, and Other Foreign News in Pictures

THE BRITISH SUBMARINE "TOKEN" ARRIVES IN COPENHAGEN HARBOUR: The Royal Navy vessel about to come alongside the quay on reaching the Danish capital in company with six other submarines and the depot-ship "Maidstone" at the start of the British Trade Exhibition. King Frederick of Denmark visited the British ships in the course of their stay, and received his commission as Honorary Admiral in his Majesty's Fleet

THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH TRADE EXHIBITION IN COPENHAGEN: Mr. Hellberg, President of the City Council, speaking at the official opening, a ceremony which took place in Copenhagen's City Hall. Seated in the foreground on the left are Queen Alexandrine, the Queen-Mother; the Duchess of Gloucester, King Frederick, Queen Ingrid, who was wearing mourning for her uncle, Count Bernadotte; and the Duke of Gloucester

PROFESSOR PICCARD AND PROFESSOR COSYNS LEAVE ANTWERP IN THE S.S. "SCALDIS": The two underwater explorers, who once created a record for a stratosphere ascent, seen as they left Belgium en route to the Azores and the Gulf of Guinea. In the hold of the *Scaldis* was the 10-ton bathyscaphe, a steel sphere, in which the scientists hope to make a 2½-mile descent to the ocean-bed

A FILLIP FOR BRITISH TELEVISION AT COPENHAGEN: The Royal party leaving the Radio Industry Council's demonstration of television at the British Trade Exhibition. The Duchess of Gloucester and Queen Ingrid are seen walking down the steps followed by the Duke of Gloucester and organisers of the exhibition. The exhibition, which coincides with the signing of the Anglo-Danish Agreement, has caused the greatest interest throughout Denmark, but the Danes are clearly very conscious of the fact that many of the goods shown in the present display are not available to them, as import licences cannot be obtained. This is particularly so in the matter of the more expensive luxury goods. With regard to these, the British point of view and that of the Danish importers seem to be that the exhibition must be regarded chiefly as a national advertisement which may have to wait some time before it earns a profit, but in the meanwhile will keep Denmark informed of what British manufacturers are doing. The inauguration of the exhibition took place at Copenhagen City Hall, the speeches, which were all in English, being brief and formal. Copenhagen, however, has gone all out to extend a welcome to the British exhibition, with British goods in shop windows, British flags flying beside the Danish, and front pages of newspapers printed in English

THE UNITED STATES ARMY PRESENTS ITS MIGHTIEST TANK TO DATE: This new 70-tonner, modestly hailed from Detroit as superior to any tank now known in the world, including the German Tiger and the Stalin III, has been developed at the Detroit Tank Arsenal and it is now undergoing rigid tests before being put into production. The tank is powered by a new-type engine developed for the Army by the Continental Motors Corporation

THE SEVENTEEN-ACRE SITE FOR THE PERMANENT HOME OF THE UNITED NATIONS IS NOW CLEARED : A general view of the tract of land between 42nd and 43rd Streets and between First Avenue and Franklin Roosevelt Drive, New York, which will accommodate the £14,000,000 home of U.N. The site was presented to the United Nations by John D. Rockefeller, Jnr., and it is understood that big development plans are envisaged for the whole area. The site is within easy reach of Grand Central Station

ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION : Colonel Tsi Tsai-Yu, former head of the 6th Investigation Corps of the Chinese Army at Shanghai, with his hands tied behind him, is led by guards to his execution on the outskirts of Shanghai. He was found guilty of extortion and abusing his official position after an Army court-martial. A determined attempt is now being made to clean up conditions in Shanghai, and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek has appointed his Russian-educated elder son, Chiang Chung-Kuo, to root out black marketeers and embezzlers

THE THIRTY-FIRST ITALIAN AUTOMOBILE SHOW AT TURIN : Touring cars and buses displayed in the great hall of the new building designed expressly for the show. The exhibition, which was opened by Signor Einaudi, the President of the Republic, contains few foreign entries, although Delahayes (France), Kaizer-Frazer and Studebaker (United States) and Bristol and M.G. are among the prominent exceptions

THREE RECORDS SMASHED ON A BELGIAN HIGHWAY : Lieut.-Colonel A. T. Goldie-Gardner, the British racing driver, speeding past a timing-post in his all-British "Goldie-Gardner Record Car" on the Jabbeke-Aeltre motor road near Ostend, when he established three new speed records for cars in the 2-litre class. Records broken were the flying five kilometres, which he did in an average speed of 170·523 m.p.h.; the flying kilometre, 177·112 m.p.h., and the flying mile, 173·112 m.p.h. Colonel Gardner now holds the "fastest ever" record in half of the world's international classes. His car was fitted with an unsupercharged engine of 1,970 cc. capacity, prototype of a special sports engine soon to be marketed

A LOCAL PRODUCT THAT ATTRACTED ATTENTION AT THE ITALIA TURIN AUTOMOBILE SHOW : A four-seater station wagon exhibited by the Fiat Company. This was the first post-war Italian automobile show, and although it offered few mechanical novelties, there was some magnificent coachwork to be seen. In custom-built coachwork, Italian constructors have led the world since the war, they are maintaining their supremacy

WEDDING BELLS IN FLORIDA : Thomas Hitchcock, the celebrated polo star, and his bride, Stephanie Saja, daughter of a Pennsylvanian collier, cutting their wedding cake after the reception at Deland, Florida. The wedding has been headline news

THE ARCHBISHOP AND HIS CHILD-BRIDE : Gyula Fehervary, head of a branch of the Old Roman Catholic Church, a dissident sect which uses Roman Catholic ritual but does not accept the Pope's infallibility or celibate priesthood, with thirteen-year-old Irdiko Karpathy following their recent marriage which took place in Hungary in a blaze of publicity. The bride has left school, but intends to matriculate under her husband's direction. The Archbishop is at the moment without a church, the Old Roman Catholics having been dissolved in January last. He now lives on donations from his followers, and on the gradual sale of his belongings

FRIGATES HALF OUT OF "PICKLE"

Preparing for a Possible Emergency

The pickling of Britain's Reserve Fleet was a momentous happening in 1947, for it betokened a new period of quiescence in the Royal Navy. Now, that process goes into reverse, with the reasons for it no less obvious. With the frigates at Harwich and the destroyers of the Reserve Fleet at other points round our coasts, the present object is so far to undo the pickling that the units can be put into service at ten days' notice. This will involve, of course, the employment of larger maintenance crews. Pickling of guns consists of building frames of wood and webbing round emplacements, covering the guns with fish-netting and then spraying with lacquer. The lacquer fills the holes in the nets, forming a complete weatherproof film over the structure. To what extent this process is reversed in the semi-unpickling now taking place is not made clear.

FRIGATES OF THE FLEET MOORED IN FOURS OFF THE PORT OF HARWICH: Only a year ago they were put in "pickle" for the duration of peace, the guns being covered in fish netting and sprayed with lacquer to save endless hours of greasing and regular protective care. Now they are being put back on a more available footing, being made ready for service at ten days' notice. A civilian labour force is helping with the work

LINKING GATOW AIRPORT WITH BERLIN

Rebuilding the Vital Frey Bridge

A British-built one-way Bailey Bridge across the Havel River has caused a distinct bottleneck in the shuttle service by road between Gatow and Berlin, and Army engineers are now eliminating this bottleneck by building across the Havel a more permanent structure which should ensure a steady stream of traffic, even in peak periods, when the flow of air supplies into Gatow is at its height. In the background of the picture on the left can be seen the twisted remnants of the original German bridge, one of thousands that suffered in the wholesale demolitions which took place in the last hours of the German Reich when disruption of communications was a major priority. The repair of these bridges is, except in cases of military necessity, normally a responsibility of the local German administration

PILES SUNK INTO THE RIVER HAVEL IN PREPARATION FOR THE REBUILDING OF THE FREY BRIDGE: The original bridge was destroyed in the last hours of the Battle for Berlin by engineers of the German Army, and the fact that it was only replaced by a one-way Bailey Bridge caused increasing difficulties for transport between Gatow Airport and Berlin as the air-lift grew rapidly in strength

WHEN THE BERGS DRIFT SOUTH—A SPECTACULAR AERIAL VIEW TAKEN FROM A RECONNAISSANCE PLANE OF THE UNITED STATES ICE PATROL AERIAL SURVEY WHEN FLYING OVER WEST GREENLAND : Bergs like these are blue-green in cloudy weather and dazzling white in the sunshine. Some have blue veins running through them caused by the freezing of glacial waters in the ice crevasses. It is the task of the U.S. Coast Guard Survey to plot the course of the bergs

WESTERN GREENLAND FROM THE AIR

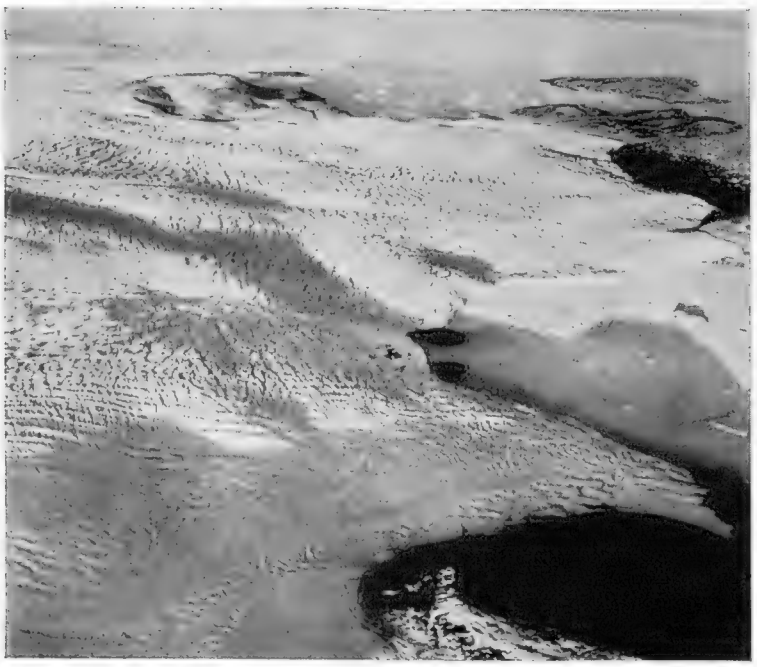
An Aerial Survey of the Baffin Bay Area and the Great Glaciers of the Western Coast

On left—**A SENIOR COAST GUARD PILOT BRIEFS HIS CREW : A conference in progress at Argentia, Newfoundland, where the flyers of the United States Coast Guard Aerial Survey take off on their long trips above the icy wastes of Baffin Bay and along the rugged coasts of Greenland**

The aerial ice survey is from now on to be a regular feature of the work of the United States Coast Guard patrol, and the pictures on this and the following three pages are the product of their first season of work above the wastes of Baffin Bay and along the rugged coast of Western Greenland. This part of the Danish Commonwealth is at the moment very much in the news, as the Danish Parliament has just decided that her Arctic Colony, particularly along its western coast, is to be developed economically and is to be given a new charter under which it will pass from a state of tutelage to equality and liberty. Greenland—the biggest island in the world, with 827,300 square miles and a population of 18,100 Eskimos and 400 Danes—remains for the most part a *terra incognita*, and some of these pictures taken by the American Coast Guard airmen show terrain that is very seldom seen by man, and reveal the truly spectacular nature of the great glaciers of the West. From year to year the survey will bring in fresh photographic records which should add vastly to the sum of our geographical knowledge, and should make the future mapping of the long, half-charted coastline an infinitely easier matter

WESTERN GREENLAND FROM THE AIR

FROM TWO MILES UP AND TEN MILES AWAY: This picture, taken by a photographer of the United States Ice Patrol Aerial Reconnaissance, shows the junction of two West Greenland glaciers as they proceed towards a fjord. Under tremendous pressure of the ice-cap, these glaciers move sometimes over 50 ft. in a day



A VIVID ICE PATTERN VIEWED FROM A HEIGHT OF TWO MILES: Looking down on the body of a West Greenland glacier. The black patches are ice lakes of fresh water frozen solid in the crevasses. *On left*—The great Jacobshavn Glacier as it creeps down towards Baffin Bay. Three years may elapse before a berg from this glacier reaches the Grand Banks

A GIANT ICEBERG IN THE ACT OF CALVING FROM THE JACOBSHAVN GLACIER : The berg breaking off into the waters of the fjord before drifting down into Baffin Bay The glacier is five miles wide at its mouth, and the berg shown in this picture is judged to be a mile across at the break-off point

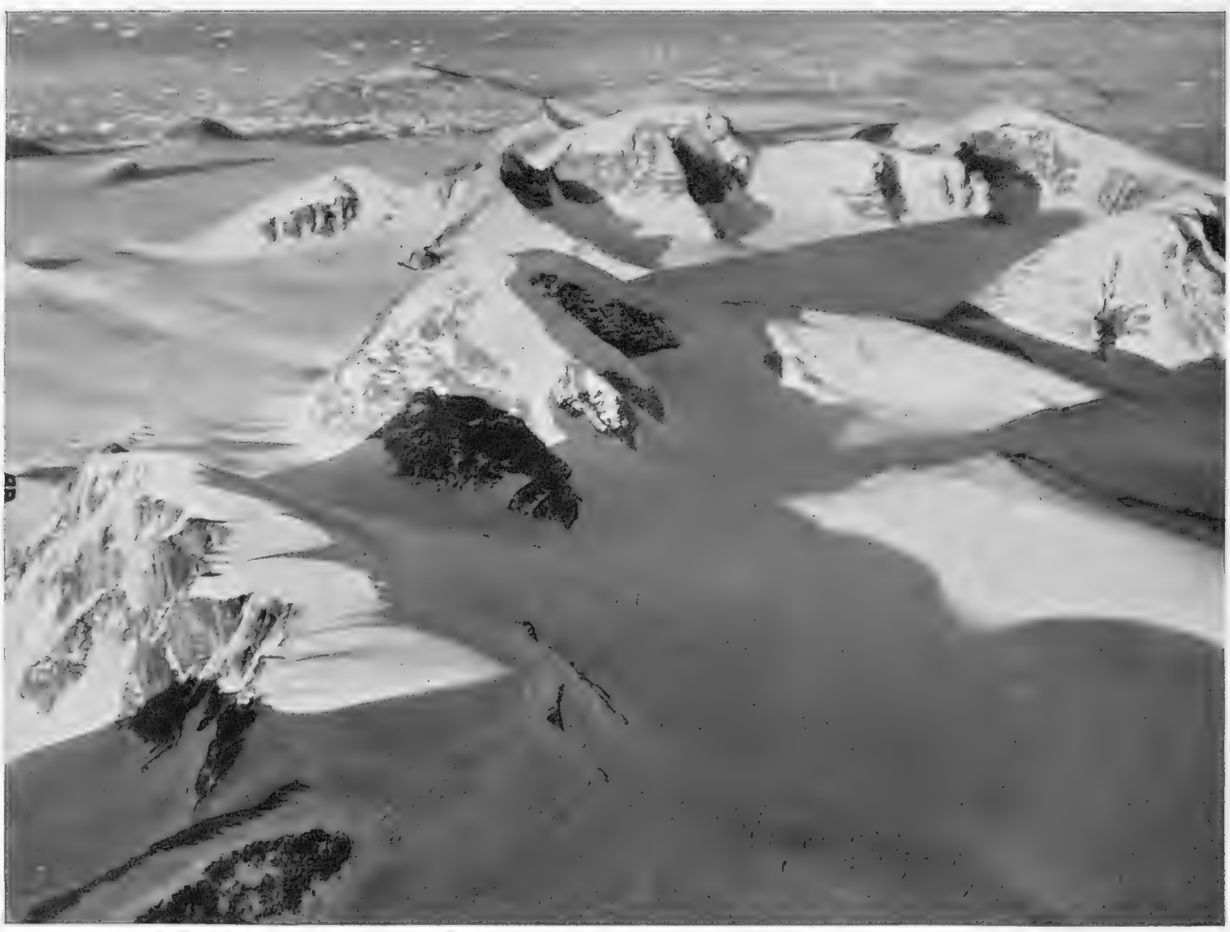
LOOKING DOWN ON THE GREENLAND ICE-CAP : This picture was taken from 10,000 ft., and shows the prodigious dome of ice measuring over 500,000 square miles in area. From the western edge of this vast ice-cap come bergs to menace the steamship lanes of the western ocean, and it is the task of the aerial survey to chart their course from the moment of departure

10,000 FT. ABOVE GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS—THE GROTESQUE PATTERN OF PEAKS AND CREVASSES IN THE GLACIAL AREA OF THE FAR WEST, ACROSS WHICH MILLIONS OF TONS OF ICE, ROCK AND GRAVEL HAVE WOUND THEIR TORTUOUS PATH TOWARDS THE SEA : Probably no man has ever trodden these regions, although they have been beheld by countless airmen during the war, when Greenland lay on one of the flying routes by which bombers and fighters were ferried to Europe

THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING OVER A BAFFIN BAY FJORD : Bergs drifting out into the bay from the glacier mouth which is seen on the right of the picture. The picture was taken from a U.S. Coast Guard plane at 10,000 ft.

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

The Ice Patrol Photographs in the Baffin Bay Area



On right—12.15 A.M. ABOVE THE MOUNTAINS OF WEST GREENLAND : Another remarkable photograph taken in the land of the midnight sun. In the far distance, like assault craft on an invasion coast, is a vast crop of icebergs recently calved into Baffin Bay from the West Greenland glaciers

THE JUDGES OF THE WORCESTER INTERNATIONAL SHEEP-DOG TRIALS HELD AT PERDISWELL PARK: They awarded the Supreme Championship to Mr. James M. Wilson, of Innerleithen, who took first place with his dog Glen. The Team Shield was again awarded to Wales, with Scotland second and England third. The three judges came from England, Scotland and Wales

THE CHAMPION OF THE TRIALS: Mr. J. M. Wilson and Glen, drawing off sheep after putting up an excellent performance. Glen scored 169½ points out of a possible 180 to gain first place. Mr. Wilson's Moss scored 162½. Mr. Wilson has now won the Supreme Championship for the seventh time, a feat not achieved by any other handler since the opening of the Trials forty-two years ago. The previous record was three times. Glen also won at Edinburgh in 1946

The SHEEP-DOG HAS HIS DAY
At the Worcester International Trials

THE SHEPHERDS' COMPANIONS AND HELP: The winner of the brace competition in the Worcester Sheep-dog Trials was Mr. J. Gilchrist, of Haddington. He is seen here with his dogs Ben and Spot

GOOD TRAINING PUT TO THE SUPREME TEST: Mr. D. Murray, of Peebles, with his dog Vic sorting out marked sheep. This was perhaps the hardest of all the tasks confronting the entrants, this sorting out usually revealing the one outstanding dog

PENNING SHEEP—ONE OF THE EVERYDAY TASKS FOR THE SHEEP-DOG: On the first day of the Trials, the masters and their dogs were called upon to take part in the Hired Shepherds' Competition. In this they had to go through the routine procedure of penning sheep. In this picture, Donald McLeod is helped by Garry during their heat. Mr. Hislop, of Gordon, won the International Driving Championship with his dog Sweep, the previous champion. In this event the dogs were called upon to drive a flock of sheep, fifty in number, in triangular fashion through two gates. Sweep is of the same parentage as Glen, and in the Supreme Championship he gained third place with 158 points. Sheep-dog training is a labour of infinite patience for both man and dog. The bond of friendship between master and dog is often so great that only a single word or a nod is necessary before the dog is off to respond to his master's wish

EX-QUEEN MARIE OF YUGOSLAVIA SKETCHES IN HER GARDEN AT CRANBROOK: She took the 450-acre farm when she sought refuge in this country during the early part of the war. The ex-Queen-Mother of Yugoslavia, widow of King Alexander I, who was murdered in Marseille in 1934, has settled here and has a third share of the farm at Cranbrook with her two younger sons, Prince Andrej, aged eighteen, who is, at present, managing the farm, and Prince Tomislav, aged twenty, who is taking a course of fruit farming with a Kent grower. She is a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria and the mother of ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia

A Survey of Home News

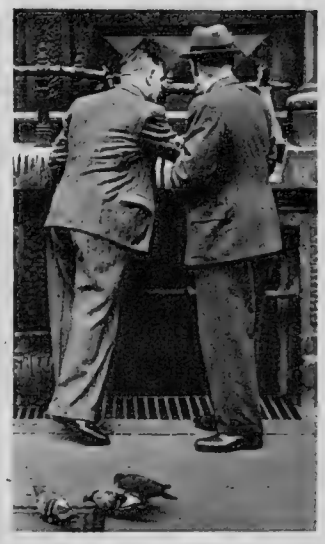
FROM LONDON and the PROVINCES

LONDON'S NEXT LORD MAYOR WITH HIS WIFE: Sir George and Lady Aylwen were photographed in their garden at Mill House, Chiddingfold, Surrey, with their two Pembrokeshire Corgis, Amber and Bryony. Sir George has been treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital since 1936 and is President of St. Bartholomew's Medical College; a member of the Management Committee of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London; and chairman of the Voluntary Hospitals Committee for London

THE "CLIPPING SERVICE" AT THE PAINSWICK FEAST IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: *On the left,* **the service is being conducted in Painswick Churchyard in front of the 104 famous yew trees.** *On the right,* **children dance back and forth to "clip" the church.** The origin of the Painswick Feast, which was celebrated by a Clipping Service in Painswick, Gloucestershire, last month, is lost in antiquity. The accepted version of most authorities, after much research, is that it is a Christianised version of a pagan ceremony. The "clipping" has no connection with the clipping of the yew trees, for which Painswick Church is famous throughout England. The word "clipping" is used in the sense of embracing. The interesting Clipping Ceremony begins when the town band, followed by the clergy and choir and members of the congregation, walk in procession round the boundaries of the church. Then follows the actual "Clipping." For this about three hundred garlanded children encircle the church and, to the accompaniment of the "Clipping Hymn," dance backwards and forwards to the church. The Clipping Ceremony ends with a short service at the foot of the church tower

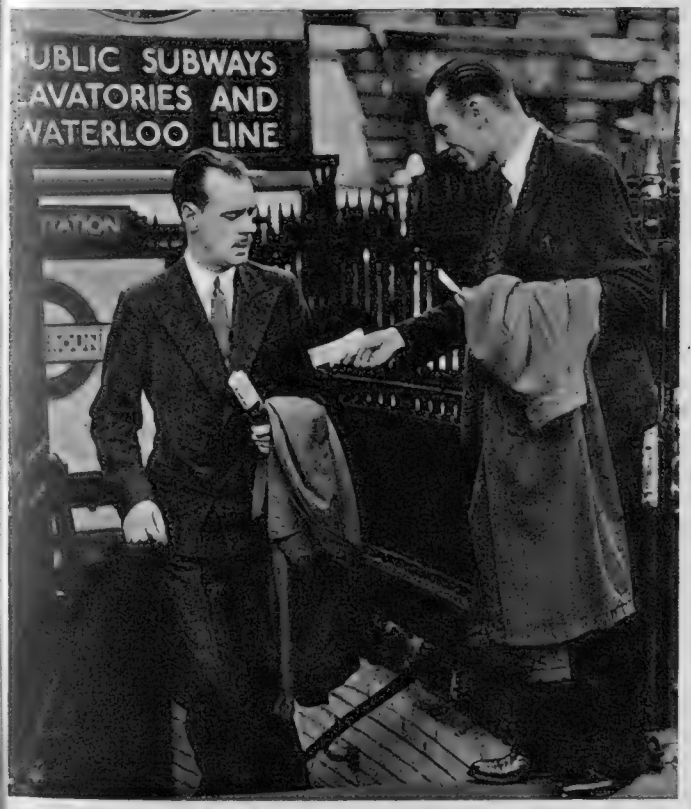
RECONSTRUCTING THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY PARISH CHURCH OF ABINGER, IN SURREY: *On the left* **is a general view of St. James's Church, Abinger, which was severely damaged by a flying bomb.** *On the right,* **workmen are rebuilding one of the walls. On the left of this picture, lime mortar is being poured between the walls, made of the original stones of the church, in the old Norman lime-mortar method of building.** The thirteenth-century parish church of St. James's at Abinger, in Surrey, partially destroyed by a flying bomb during the war, is now being rebuilt and restored to its original style. St. James's, parish church of the straggling village of Abinger, stands on higher ground than any other church in the county of Surrey. The west part of the nave was lighted by six small round-headed windows high up, three on each side, which were of early Norman eleventh-century work. The large North Chapel of two bays was built in the thirteenth century, while the wooden belfry and short, shingled spire were added in the fifteenth century. Registered as an Ancient Monument, the church stands on the famous Pilgrims' Way. In its reconstruction, the original stones are being used in the old Norman lime-mortar method of building. The architect responsible for the reconstruction is Mr. Frederick Etchells F.R.I.B.A.

LONDON'S KERBSIDE CORN EXCHANGE: Salesmen and buyers examine samples outside the Corn Exchange in Seething Lane. City crowds are accustomed to the sight of soberly-clad business-men making their deals in the open air, where they come to examine the corn in the daylight. But Seething Lane, presents an unusual spectacle for visitors and is an unfailing rendezvous for the local pigeons



THE RETAIL TRADE IN SEETHING LANE: While deals are put through at the kerbside market outside the Corn Exchange, there is a place, too, for the "small" man. On the left, three well-fed pigeons take their lunch while, on the right, a street cleaner sweeps up some of the dropped grain to take home for his chickens

SOME OF THE LUCKY 50,000 WHO WILL TAKE A WINTER HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND: The scene at the Swiss Tourist Office in Regent Street, where applications for Swiss francs for the coming winter season have already begun. Under the new agreement, nearly 50,000 Britons will be allowed £35 each (children £25) to spend in Switzerland this winter. They must satisfy the authorities that they will spend the money in Switzerland and they will get £15 on arrival there. The remaining £10 or £20 will not be granted until the visitor has remained in Switzerland for a period of not less than a week



"GOOD MORNINGS BEGIN WITH A SENSE OF SECURITY": This is the slogan adopted by three trades unions for bank employees, insurance officials and clerical workers in their drive to induce "black-coated workers" to join a union. Forty volunteer girl typists and young men from City offices picketed six Underground and main-line stations last week and handed out leaflets explaining the advantages of joining one of their unions. In this picture, Frederick Stilwell, a Fleet Street insurance clerk from New Cross, offers a leaflet to a somewhat sceptical traveller as he left the Bank Underground station

"BLUECOATS" LEAVE LONDON BRIDGE STATION TO MARCH TO ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH, HOLBORN, HEADED BY THE SCHOOL BAND, FOR THE ANNUAL SERVICE ON ST. MATTHEW'S DAY. The service is followed by a ceremony at the Mansion House. 300 boys from Christ's Hospital School at Horsham (the "Bluecoat" School, so called because of the boys' uniforms of blue, worn with yellow stockings), and twenty-five girls from Christ's Hospital, Hertford, came to London last week, in accordance with an old custom, to attend a service at St. Sepulchre's Church, in Holborn, and to go on to the Mansion House, where they were entertained by the Lord Mayor, Sir Frederick Wells, and the Aldermen and Sheriffs of the City of London. Afterwards, each of the "rank and file" was presented with a shilling by the Lord Mayor; and each of the "Grecians" (senior boys) with a guinea. The "Bluecoat" School was founded by King Edward VI in 1552, on the site of an old Greyfriars monastery in London. It was removed to Horsham in 1902

ST. PAUL'S FROM THE SITE OF THE NEW BANKSIDE POWER STATION: The storm which raged over a year ago has died down and work has begun on the modernisation of the power station. The new building has been designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, who, in defence of the plan, stated that the new Bankside tower would not compete with the dominance of St. Paul's and that "all the objectionable features of a generating station have been eradicated."

WORK BEGINS AT BANKSIDE

The First Stage in Building the Much-disputed Power Station

In May of last year the Battle of Bankside was in full force. Mr. Silkin, Minister of Town and Country Planning, backed by Mr. Attlee and the architect for the Bankside plan, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, defended the scheme against a determined opposition led by Lord Latham, then leader of the L.C.C., and the Dean of St. Paul's. Lord Latham's dislike of the new power station was mainly concerned in its interference with the L.C.C.'s scheme for the development of the South Bank of the Thames. Dean Matthews argued that the local architectural dominance of St. Paul's would be superseded.

THE FOUNDATIONS ARE DUG BESIDE THE OLD POWER STATION: The new power station will have gardens in front, facing the river, and at the back, covering the fuel tanks, which will be constructed below ground-level. The old power station can be seen on the right in this picture

"BANKSIDE . . . WILL EMIT NO SMOKE OR GRIT." So stated Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, when defending the plan, in May, last year. The picture above shows the pilot gas-washing plant, an important feature of the new power station, which will have cost nearly £11,000,000 when completed

THE SHIPS GO DOWN TO THE SEA

New Launchings from British Yards to Make Good Our Depleted Merchant Navy

LAUNCH OF "THE MAID OF ORLEANS": The latest addition to the fleet of British Railways-owned vessels entering the Clyde at Dumbarton. The ceremony was performed by Lady Missenden, wife of Sir Eustace Missenden, chairman of the Railway Executive. Built by William Denny the *Maid of Orleans* is the second vessel to carry this name, her predecessor having been sunk off the Normandy beaches in 1944. The new *Maid*, of 3,700 gross tons, will run on the short sea routes to the Continent, and will carry 1,000 passengers. She will be equipped with an anti-rolling device

A FURTHER ADDITION TO BRITAIN'S TANKER FLEET—THE LAUNCH OF THE "BRITISH ENDEAVOUR": The new tanker is designed to carry petroleum in bulk, and is being built for the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company by Hawthorn Leslie. She will carry a deadweight of 12,250 tons. *British Endeavour* will be powered by a single-screw Hawthorn Doxford Diesel engine of 3,100 b.h.p., and will probably be capable of attaining a speed of 12 knots. The maiden voyage will take place in the new year, and her run will be between Britain and Persia

LAUNCHED BY PRINCESS MARGARET: The new oil tanker "British Mariner" entering the Clyde after the launching ceremony at Harland and Wolff's yards at Govan

THE "HIMALAYA" NEARLY READY FOR LAUNCHING: Now nearing completion at the Barrow-in-Furness yard of Vickers Armstrong, Ltd., is the largest ship ever designed for the P. and O. Line. She is the 31,000-ton "Himalaya," which will be launched on October 5 by Lady Currie, wife of Sir William Currie, chairman of the company. The *Himalaya*, which is intended for the service between the United Kingdom, India and Australia, will be 710 ft. in length, with a 90 ft. beam and 31 ft. depth on loaded draught. There will be accommodation for 779 first and 393 tourist-class passengers, and the vessel will be able to carry 263,000 cub. ft. of general cargo, and 240,000 cub. ft. of refrigerated cargo. Her speed will be in the neighbourhood of 23 knots

THE MOTOR TANKER "JALTA" HAS COMPLETED HER SEA TRIALS AND BEEN MADE READY FOR HANDING OVER TO HER SCANDINAVIAN OWNERS: This 8,247-ton tanker vessel is the first of an important group of tankers which Harland and Wolff are building for the Norwegian concern, A/S Bulls Tankrederi, at their Belfast yards. The "Jalta" is a striking vessel with a cruiser stern, modern type, semi-clipper stem rounded above the water-line, a stump foremast and a telescopic signal-mast amidships. She is built under the survey of Lloyd's register for carrying petroleum in bulk. All her propelling machinery is situated aft, and poop, centre-castle and forecastle are connected by a fore-and-aft gangway. Steam driven pumps are fitted for the speedy handling of the cargo oil

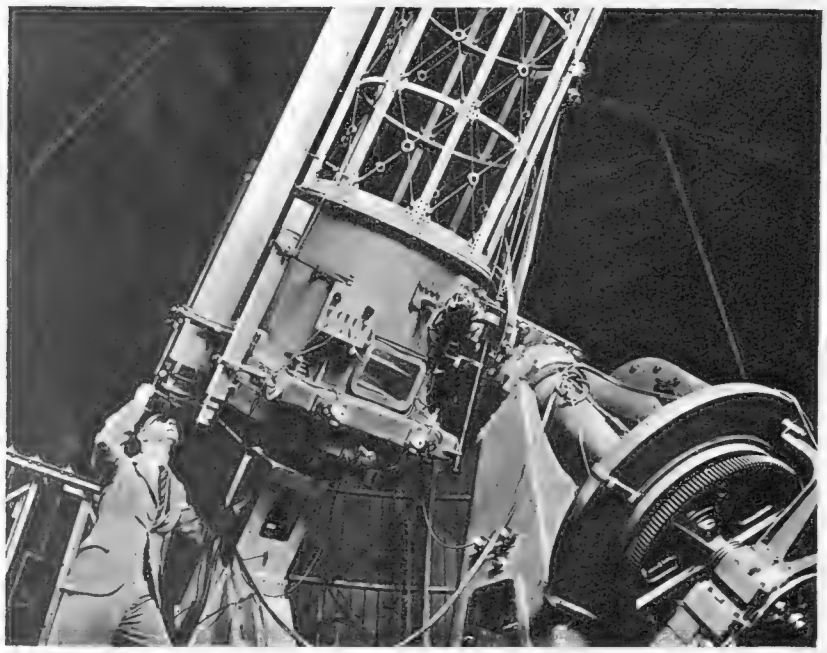
THE GREENWICH OF THE NORTH

And Other News of Scientific Interest

There are three Royal Observatories: one at Greenwich, and now in process of being moved to Hurstmonceaux; one at the Cape of Good Hope, and one on Blackford Hill, Edinburgh. While the Hurstmonceaux move is in progress, the Royal Greenwich Observatory—as it is to be known, despite its change of site—is not fully in action, so Edinburgh has the distinction of operating the largest telescope in these islands. Three miles from the bustle of Princes Street, and well away from the city's industrial haze, Scotland's Royal Observatory carries out many vital functions, including long-exposure photography

HIGH ABOVE THE EDINBURGH ROOF-TOPS: The Edinburgh Observatory on Blackford Hill, where the 36-in. telescope, the largest operating in Britain now that Greenwich is temporarily out of commission, keeps a constant record of events in the night sky. This Royal Observatory is in charge of the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, Mr. W. M. H. Greaves, F.R.S., who also holds the post of Professor of Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh

A FAMED COLLECTION OF ASTRONOMICAL WORKS: The library of the Royal Observatory, Scotland. It was presented to the Observatory by the twenty-sixth Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, a distinguished figure in Edwardian times



EDINBURGH'S 36-IN. TELESCOPE: Dr. M. A. Ellison, the principal science officer at the Royal Scottish Observatory, at work with the instrument within the revolving turret. It is housed in the south tower of the Observatory

A PLAN TO REDUCE NIGHT ROAD ACCIDENTS: This station wagon has been built of special reflective sheeting which returns light without glare directly to its source the moment it comes under the headlights of an approaching car

WARNING TO APPROACHING TRAFFIC: A station wagon as it appears at night when its specially-treated bodywork throws back the light from the headlamps of another car. The wagon is built up with the special reflective sheeting introduced by the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company and placed on display recently at Detroit, celebrated centre of America's motor industry. The sheeting, now going into large-scale production, is available in all colours, and can be made to look like ordinary car panelling or like grained woodwork, as in the station wagon depicted here. The daytime appearance of vehicles using this sheeting is quite normal

THE DESIGN OF A HAMBURG MECHANIC—A MIDGET SUBMARINE WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT ENTIRELY FROM SCRAP : The builder, thirty-five-year-old mechanic Peter Luetjens, claims that he can descend to a depth of 300 yards and remain under water for about four hours

ALL ABOARD FOR THE OCEAN SEA-BED—THE MIDGET SUBMARINE WITH ITS DESIGNER IN THE COCKPIT : The powerful "headlamps" of the midget submarine are for underwater visibility. They comprise two 4,000-watt searchlights, capable of penetrating 20 yards of water at a depth of 70 ft. The craft of Peter Luetjens is designed to scoot along the sea-bed in search of wreckage. It has been constructed in a Hamburg scrapyard entirely from scrap metal and is built in three sections, the centre one of which is the cockpit and the two outside ones ballast controls. Water can be taken in and discharged from these, to control the depth and speed of resurfacing. A guiding fin in the stern enables the submarine to jump over obstacles on the sea-bed. As there is no power plant in the scrapyard "U-boat," it has to be towed by surface craft

A STERN VIEW OF THE MIDGET SUBMARINE : The ballast-expulsion ports in the outside sections are plainly visible, as is the fin beneath. This is used for raising the submarine over sea-bed obstacles

AN AID FOR BRITAIN'S FARMERS—A POTATO-LIFTING MACHINE WHICH HAS AGAIN BEEN DEMONSTRATED IN SURREY : The "Solanum Potato Harvester," an English-made machine, was demonstrated recently to agricultural experts at West Horsley. The harvester is controlled by one man and is drawn by a 20-h.p. tractor which provides the power for all parts of the machine. The harvester cuts off all the potato haulms before they are lifted, together with soil covering, on to an endless conveyor. The soil is then shaken off, and the partially-cleaned potatoes fall gently into the final cleaning barrel, which revolves continuously. Any soil or stones still clinging to the crop are automatically discharged, together with the haulms, which are twined into a rope. The cleaned potatoes are then discharged on to an accompanying wagon. It is claimed that the machine can lift four acres of potatoes in one day

AFTER THE ECHO-SOUNDER HAD DONE ITS WORK : Members of the crew of the Ministry of Fisheries' vessel "Onaway" baling fish out of the ring net after the shoal has been located with the Admiralty equipment

THE FISHERMAN'S FRIEND : Watching the recording panel of the Admiralty echo-sounder being used aboard the experimental fishing vessel "Onaway" to detect the presence of shoals and to locate banks which are known to be a frequent resort of the shoals. When this picture was taken the detector was being tried out with the Mount's Bay pilchard fleet. It had an immediate success, and other vessels were signalled to lend a hand in bringing in the fish. The instrument shows in visual form the contour of the sea-bed, and the oscillator notes the interruptions of the echo, thus indicating whether there are fish in the vicinity

THE POTATO HARVESTER AT WORK : A rear view which shows the potato haulms being discarded by the harvester

NO SLUMP IN PUBLISHING

The Demand for Good Books Goes On

By CHARLES GRAVES

WITH the autumn, and consequently the end of Summer Time approaching, the position of the publishing industry once again becomes of topical interest. There has been a great deal of talk about a slump in books of all sorts. What are the real facts? Conversations with leading publishers and booksellers and the heads of circulating libraries show that there is a definite falling-off in second-rate books, particularly second-rate novels. On the other hand, there is considerable demand for the new works of established authors, almost every kind of technical and educational book, biographies, and most travel books.

Mr. A. S. Frere, chairman and managing-director of Heinemann's, said succinctly, "Rumours about an alleged book slump are often circulated for reasons entirely unconnected with literature. Certain types of book, of course, like war books, unless written by established authorities like Winston Churchill, Eisenhower, Field-Marshal Montgomery, or General Patton have had their day. Others, like books by Somerset Maugham, are selling as well as ever. His last book, *Catalina*, has sold over 80,000 copies in five weeks. Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter* has created a record for this author as far as we are concerned. It has sold 81,000 copies in ten weeks, which is out of all proportion more than the numbers of copies previously sold of his works."

Heinemann's have no fewer than twelve first novels in their list. One of them, *No Resting Place*, by Ian Niall, sold 10,000, which can be regarded as very nearly a post-war record for a first novel. The difficulty is to persuade the booksellers to take books by new authors. Booksellers, on the whole, are inclined to play safe at the moment with works by established authors. An official of Hatchards bore this out. "There is no doubt," he said, "that many booksellers have heavy stocks of shoddy books on their shelves which they bought at a time when good books were scarce. They will have to cut their losses. It has got to be done. For the past three months there has been an upward trend in the sale of books which should continue to develop during the autumn. We are now getting back to normal conditions when books sell more readily in the autumn than during the summer months. I think that the international situation three months ago, combined with summer time,

TALES OF DARING FROM A B.B.C. OFFICIAL: Norman Collins, the Controller of Television and the author of the best-selling novel "London Belongs To Me," which has just been filmed, has now written a thrilling novel for children. Pirates and buccaneering provide the theme, and the title is "Black Ivory." Vernon Fane reviews the book on page 28

was responsible for a temporary drop in sales." He went on to say that orders for books at the beginning of the week largely reflect the book reviews in the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*. Political books like *Party Choice*, by Michael Berry, and *Triple Challenge*, by Francis Williams, are doing well, and Arthur Bryant's second volume of *Pepys* is a best-seller; but biographies top the list of successes. Regimental histories are, with few exceptions, a drug on the market. Travel books are doing well. There are nearly a dozen on Switzerland alone.

In the meantime, there seems little hope that books will come down in price. Wages and paper and everything else have gone up, as in other industries. Bookbinding remains a bottleneck, and publishers are fully aware that there is liable to be a lengthy delay between the first and second editions of a book, by which time the public demand may have ceased. Binding machinery is mostly made abroad, and after an average of twelve years' wear badly needs replacing. By and large, an author to-day is lucky if his book appears in print within nine months after he has handed it to his publishers. In some cases, as much as a year can elapse—and even longer.

That dynamic personality Walter Hutchinson blames the smallness of the newspapers and magazines for any alleged "recession," which he personally does not admit. "Last Sunday I was only able to get 2 ins. of advertising for my thirty-five companies in the *Observer*," he said. "Ask any manufacturer of tooth-paste how his sales would be affected if he dropped advertising his commodity. The difficulty in these days of small newspapers is to enable the public to learn that books by their favourite authors are, in fact, on sale. The success of authors and authoresses such as Ursula Bloom and Denise Robbins is cumulative, but it is, all the same, partly dependent on advertising and, of course, on reviews. Newspapers naturally cannot spend anything like as much space on books as they used to do. There is no doubt that the shelves of many booksellers are full of rubbish and they will have to cut their losses. My own companies are not feeling any slump and good books continue to sell well. So do cheap editions."

Like Mr. Frere, Mr. Walter Hutchinson does not see how books can come down in price.

CRIMEAN ADVENTURE: Charles Terrot, who in "Miss Nightingale's Ladies," published by Collins, has written a novel based on the experiences of his great-great-aunt, who was one of the nurses who originally accompanied Florence Nightingale on her mission of mercy to the Crimea. Mr. Terrot is seen in this picture with his son in the garden of their home

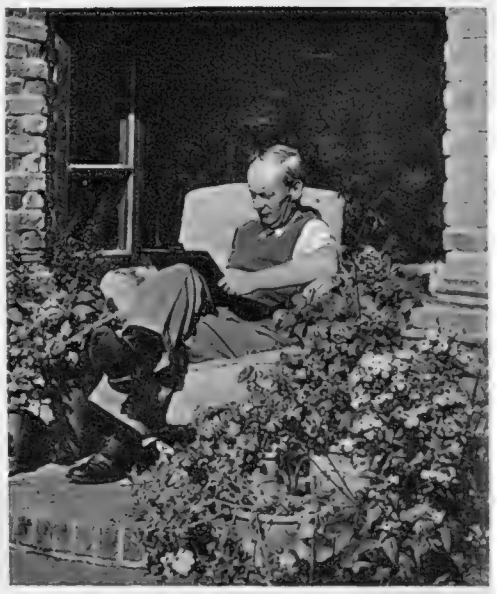
Books of short stories, unless they are written by really well-known authors like Somerset Maugham, H. E. Bates, William Saroyan or the late Damon Runyon, are not, at the moment, popular with publishers or booksellers.

Well-established publishers are actually welcoming the end of the inflated trade of the war years. They are glad to return to steady publishing without any need to take wild risks. They say that there is certainly no slump. It is merely a readjustment after an artificial period. Sales are lower than the wartime figures, of course, but four or five times above those of 1939. This increase over pre-war days is bound to continue as long as there is petrol rationing.

The slimness of the average magazine also has a beneficial effect on the sale of books, the regular readers of which have multiplied enormously during the war as a result of camp and ships' libraries. A war is always certain to increase the number of book readers. People whose sole relaxation was going to the cinema found themselves reading books willy-nilly when in uniform. The present deflation is, nevertheless, bound to have some effect on the sale of books, although many people realise that a worth-while book which can be re-read gives several hours more pleasure and interest than a stall in a theatre which costs about the same for only part of a single evening.

Other comments by prominent people in the book trade are that publishers are selling good books again instead of merely distributing them, with the result that the booksellers' wartime question, "How many may I have?" has changed to the publishers' question, "How many will you take?" The mushroom publishers who sprang up during the war are undoubtedly having a thin time. The strength of a publisher lies in his list of authors, very much as the success of a play depends on the cast. Paper is still short, but old-established publishers are once again able to re-issue steady bread-and-butter books about mountaineering for example, which is an absolutely safe £100 or £200 a year. Walter Hutchinson was telling me that not only do all recent books about sport sell well, but that a book on horses published in 1900 still sells solidly. Any books about dogs, if they are at all well written, are also a sure success. Thrillers will always do well, but the general public is definitely becoming much more discriminating about general fiction.

Summing it all up, it seems that in spite of Heinemann's courageous efforts to find new authors, it is the first novel which has least chance of success. Fans of A. P. Herbert and other leading authors know that they will not be disappointed. On the other hand, a new writer has to be given sensational reviews if the public is going to take a chance with him.



H. E. BATES AT WORK IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE OF HIS KENTISH HOME: He writes every morning from 9 until 1, five days a week, always using a pad on his knee and never sitting at a desk. His last novel, *The Purple Plain*, set in wartime Burma, has sold 850,000 copies and has brought many thousands of dollars to this country. Serialised in a leading American magazine, it is now to be produced as a film. Bates' previous book *Fair Stood the Wind for France* sold 400,000 copies in America and earned about 75,000 dollars. His newest novel, *The Jacaranda Tree*, which he has just completed, may be added to the film list and, like *The Purple Plain*, the story is set in Burma

It is therefore a case not of "Pity the poor author," but "Pity the *new* one." Take John Cousins. Like so many officers in the Royal Air Force, he wrote a book about his experiences during the war. Unlike most of them he got it published. It took him ten months to write. Nearly a year elapsed before it was published. It had quite nice reviews, and so far he has earned £150 out of it, a very respectable sum for a new novel, but not exactly enough reward for ten months' work. The book, by the way, was called *The Desolate Market*. John Cousins has now written another book which he is hoping will be taken. In the meantime, he writes for the films.

The heads of the big circulating libraries will tell you that their purchase of books is entirely dependent on the demand created by their subscribers. Subscribers in turn are affected almost entirely by book reviews, and it is seldom that a book reviewer gives a notice to a new author; which is where we came in. An official of one of the best-known libraries said that prices are beginning to take effect and guinea books are once again having the limited sale of pre-war days. In the case of his particular library, the subscribers have jumped from 25,000 to 50,000 since 1939. For the author this is a mixed blessing. He secures the royalty on only one copy of a book, even though it is read by thirty or forty people in the course of a year. It is possible, of course, that none of the forty would have actually bought the book as opposed to taking it out of the library. The chances are, however, that at least two or three might have done so. Against this, the libraries act as a kind of insurance to the publishers. So in the long run it probably pays the author.

AUDREY CRUDDAS' COSTUME DESIGNS FOR "AÏDA," THE PRODUCTION WHICH OPENED THE AUTUMN OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN LAST WEDNESDAY: Left to right are costumes for "Amneris" (sung by Edith Coates); "Ramphis" (David Franklin); the Negro Guard; and the King (Marian Nowakowski)

The autumn opera season opened at Covent Garden last Wednesday with Michael Benthall's production of *Aida*. Audrey Cruddas designed the scenery and costumes and reproductions of some of her original sketches appear above. Karl Rankl conducted the orchestra, and the choreography was arranged by Ninette de Valois, Director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Principal singers in this production are Ljuba Welitsch, the world-famous soprano of the Vienna State Opera, and Franco Beval, a young Italian tenor of repute

"AIDA" at COVENT GARDEN

And Other Pictures of Stage and Film

A GUITRY COMEDY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: Constance Cummings, Francis Lister and D. A. Mehan in Stephen Powys' and Guy Bolton's translation of Sacha Guitry's new play "Don't Listen, Ladies!" Francis Lister plays the Paris antique dealer whose soliloquies on the subject of woman are shared with the audience, together with numerous interjections that the ladies should not listen. His suave performance is sufficiently reminiscent of Guitry himself to suggest that the author wrote the part for himself, and one critic has said that Francis Lister is more French than any Frenchman. Constance Cummings plays his wife, in whose faithfulness he cannot believe, and Ada Reeve as Julie-en-Bois provides a brilliant cameo as an ex-Folies girl who was painted by Toulouse-Lautrec in her heyday and exactly looks the part

STRAIGHT OFF THE ICE!: American Carol Lynne, ice-skating star, heads the cast of the ice-and-water spectacle, "Ice Cascade," at the Stoll Theatre. This is the third ice show at the Stoll, the previous two having proved highly successful

MADELEINE CARROLL GROWS OLD GRACIOUSLY AND RAPIDLY: She is seen "before and after" as she will appear in her new film "The Fan." In the first picture she is a girl in the year 1900; in the second as she would have become by 1948. George Sanders is also in the film

BEN NYE PUTS THE YEARS ON MADELEINE CARROLL: The make-up director of 20th Century-Fox applies sponge rubber to fill out Miss Carroll's cheeks and jowls in the first stage of his three-hour job of adding forty-eight years to her age. After the contours of her face have been changed, Nye applies a liquid rubber solution which draws the skin into wrinkles as it dries. Grease-paint is then put on, and powder and a pale lipstick complete the job before the hairdresser gets to work with a white wig. The process costs 3,000 dollars

The World of Books—BY VERNON FANE

A MIGRATION in AMERICAN LITERATURE

Maxwell Geismar Studies the Art of Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, and Others

IN the ten years after 1915 there was a migration in American literature from the villages and the small towns into the big cities, and of this migration there were five chief pioneers: Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather and Scott Fitzgerald. This is the thesis of Mr. Maxwell Geismar, who, in THE LAST OF THE PROVINCIALS (Secker and Warburg. 16s.), analyses the work and the personal careers of these writers. This is essentially a work of research, and its main interest will be to those who have a real curiosity about the development of the novel form.

Mr. G. M. Young's GIBBON (Rupert Hart-Davis. 6s.) has been re-issued with a new introduction in which the author writes: "What I am aware of in Gibbon is precisely what I am aware of in myself, an unceasing compulsion to get the historic particulars into a causal pattern, and then lodge the pattern, once achieved, in a context of related patterns. Therefore, though I could no more do it myself than I could have conceived the Pantheon, I know what it felt like to be doing it." After sixteen years, this study of the man who wrote *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is still pre-eminent.

Books of personal reminiscence are not lacking this autumn. There is, for example, the autobiography of a German actress, Ingeborg Wells, who is now in this country, but who played in Berlin during the war, and has a good deal to say not only about Nazi officials, but about the Russians who succeeded them. ENOUGH, NO MORE (Herbert Joseph. 15s.) is, in the main, painful reading because of the conditions it reflects, but it appears to be written with sincerity and conviction.

TRAMP ROYAL (John Langdon. 10s. 6d.) is another autobiography, this time of an Irish doctor who "lives wherever he hangs up his hat." Dr. Ryan MacMahon has practised medicine in England, but has also toured Central America with racehorses, acted as medical officer on Trinidad oilfields, ranched in Australia, Patagonia and the Argentine, prospected for gold in Canada and served for six years in the R.A.M.C. His main contention is that this is a grand world for those who use it properly, and he quotes from Kipling's *Tramp Royal*:

So write, before I die, "'E liked it all!"

FIRE OF YOUTH (Duckworth. 12s. 6d.) is another autobiography, in which Mr. Eric Muspratt tells the story of forty-five years' wandering. In that period the writer covered territory as diverse as Calcutta and Honolulu, and is able to contrast Mayfair and Moscow from personal experience. His memoirs are written in a different mood from Dr. MacMahon's; more worldly, less genial and with more emphasis on personalities.

To the circus with Mr. Frank Foster, who was for many years ring-master at Olympia for Bertram Mills, and has forty years of that strongly individual branch of show business to draw on, in his reminiscences. PINK COAT, SPANGLES AND SAWDUST (Stanley Paul. 21s.) is lively reading and fairly transports one to a world that is closed away from the man in the street, except perhaps for one or two spectacular days each year. In his foreword Sir Charles B. Cochran recommends the book to a wide audience, and particularly to "little boys with a desire to run away from good homes to join a circus," for to work in "this most cosmopolitan institution" is a hard and often a supremely dangerous life. Nevertheless, it makes excellent reading, as told in retrospect.

A BOOK OF BALLADS (Benn. 15s.) would be an admirable gift to a melancholy friend, and one calculated to cheer him from his despondency, for it is the collected light verse of Sir Alan Herbert, and in its 475 pages there is much matter for laughter and, you will not be surprised to learn, much good sense.

Mr. Denis Constanduros writes a little about himself as a boy—in the far-away '20's—and much more about his family in MY GRANDFATHER (Longmans. 6s. 6d.), a slight little book about a redoubtable character who never, in spite of some nimble sketches, quite comes to life. The old gentleman lived what appears to have been a life of extreme comfort in a house in Kensington Gore, working hard at his business, but managing to get in some hunting.

He liked a good cigar and a glass of whisky and, to his grandchildren's discomfiture, he liked reading aloud from the novels of Sir Walter Scott, but apart from one or two felicitous moments, as when he consulted a doctor when in his seventies about a troublesome cough, and was told he was lucky to be able to cough at all and charged five guineas, the narrative is rather flat, and the Pickwickian character never wholly emerges.

Mr. Norman Collins's new story is not easy to classify, for it is one of those that may be read by children and adults, and will inevitably—grandfathers, take note—be read aloud. BLACK IVORY (Collins. 9s. 6d.) is a tale of adventure on the high seas in the year 1829, when the slave trade was flourishing, and mutinies, tempests and notoriously wicked captains all added their mite to the prevailing atmosphere of derring-do and violence.

I know I enjoyed it, and next week I hope to try it out on a younger audience, who, I think, will appreciate it as much. I have a feeling, too, that Mr. Collins enjoyed writing it.

SOLO (Sampson Low. 9s. 6d.) is an abrupt contrast. This novel of Mr. Paul Tabori's has an introspective and unhappy young man for its hero, and he tells his own lugubrious story, chiefly set in a Budapest-like city in the years between the wars. The inclination of the book, however, is not political, but personal in the highest degree, and the boy's successive misunderstandings and mishaps, which culminate in one lingering death, one murder and one execution, make a morbid catalogue.

Mr. Erskine Caldwell can be relied upon for a scarifying picture of the deep South, and provides just that in his new novel, TROUBLE IN JULY (Falcon. 8s. 6d.). There is a bitterly familiar situation of trouble between irresponsible white people and negroes, and there is a lynching. I believe that Mr. Caldwell may write authentically about a small section of the United States, but the result with repetition becomes less and less edifying.

HEADLESS ANGEL (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is, in my opinion, far more worthy of notice, for it is a long and satisfying new novel by Miss Vicki Baum; a romantic and an adventurous novel set partly in Weimar and partly in the Mexico of 150 years ago.

Her heroine is a fair young German baroness, a friend of Gœthe's and the wife of an ineffective poetaster. She meets and instantly falls in love with a handsome Spaniard, and together they go to Mexico where he is engaged in making his fortune. There they live in unwedded bliss, alternately rich and poor as the mines flourish or fail, until the beautiful Spaniard is killed in a revolution and the lady returns to Weimar.

There is far more incident, almost too much, in this crowded novel, but it is to be recommended as a thoroughly entertaining piece of work.

Mr. Will Creed has sought to re-create the atmosphere of an Italian city, as it might be Florence, in the days of the Renaissance, and THE CRIMSON YEAR (Collins. 10s. 6d.) has its full share of great nobles, mercenaries, red-haired beauties and assassins. It reads easily though, and does succeed in creating a valid scene in its own fictional way.

THE HOUSE OF GODWINSSON (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is Mr. E. R. Punshon's new detective story, which I found in two instances obscure to the point of weakness, but which, for the most part, I enjoyed.

LAST RITES FOR THE APOSTLE OF "CELTIC TWILIGHT": Members of the family of W. B. Yeats, who died at Menton in January 1939, attending the recent funeral at Drumcliffe after the remains had been brought from France to Galway in the Eire corvette *Macha*. Before the funeral at Drumcliffe the coffin lay in state at Sligo Town Hall. Left to right in this picture are—Mr. Jack B. Yeats (the poet's brother), Mr. Michael Yeats (his son), Mrs. Yeats (widow), and Miss Ann Yeats (daughter)

During the fifteenth century Flanders attracted the best painters of the old Netherlands. The lettered clergy, the Princes and the merchants provided commissions in plenty, and the people themselves understood art that was simple, sincere and honest, as witness the way in which they flocked to see Van Eyck's "Holy Lamb," paid for by an alderman of Ghent, when it was displayed on public holidays. The whole life of the people was, in fact, permeated by artistic feeling, and so it came about, in the most natural manner, that fifteenth-century Flanders bred a race of artists who, headed by the Van Eycks, worked out a new colour technique in oil which they brought to brilliant and transparent perfection. Indeed, they so improved the method of oil painting that they made it virtually a new medium. Regarding this school of art there are a welter of facts; so many, perhaps, that the art-lover is apt to become bemused in his search for the true meaning of the works, the artistic inspiration behind them. In THE FLEMISH PRIMITIVES (Collins. 3 guineas), Leo van Puyvelde, Director of the Belgian Royal Museums of Fine Arts, has made it his mission to explain the emotional background of this great and distinguished school, and many will find in his brief and lucid chapters, which precede the colourful parade of the primitives, much that they have long desired to know but have failed to extract from the weighty mass of existing documentation. This is a truly excellent work, and the reproductions are superb. The portraiture of the Master of Flémalle will arouse particular admiration, ranking only second to that of the Van Eycks. It is easy to understand how, when the art of these men "burst into flower, the art of the Middle Ages withered away and died. The days of fumbling in the dark were over. The dawn of modern painting had arrived."

EXPOUNDING THE VIRTUES OF THE PRIMITIVES

Two more books for the art-lover, new additions to the Faber Gallery, are RENOIR (7s. 6d.) and HOMAGE TO VENUS (7s. 6d.). The former, with a dozen fine colour-plates, contains notes by R. H. Wilenski, who gives an admirable survey of the achievements of Renoir, most appreciated of the nineteenth-century artists. The second volume is of lesser appeal, but many will relish James Laver's comments on the various creators of Venus, from the robust ladies of Rubens, the milk-white maidens of Boucher, to the pale, sad longing of the Burne-Jones variety, beyond all doubt graduates of Girton.

It would be hard to imagine two artists with less in common than John Leech and Toulouse-Lautrec, save perhaps for the delicacy of their touch. Both have their devoted followers. Toulouse-Lautrec's drawings in HUNTING WITH THE FOX (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) provide a book of natural history studies which, despite its name, has little to do with the chase, and THE NOBLE SCIENCE (Collins. 25s.) deals with fox-hunting and nothing but fox-hunting. Many of Leech's lithographs are reproduced in colour, and the *Punch* jokes accompanying them wear tolerably well.

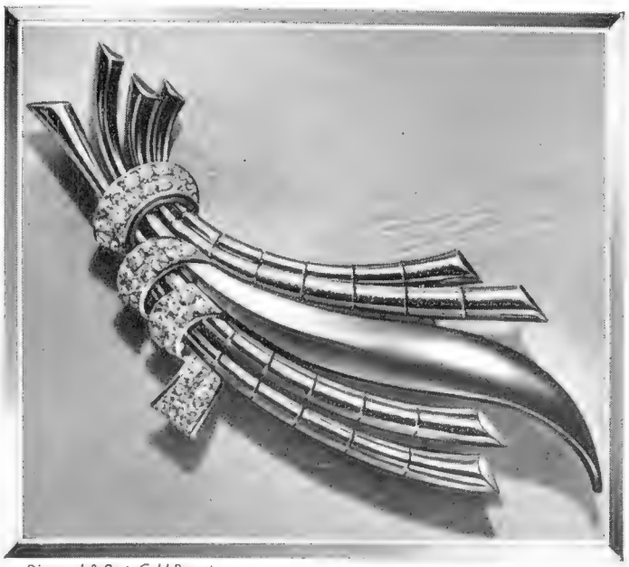
Robert Hancock (1730-1817) is regarded as the man above all others who is entitled to be called the creator of English transfer-prints, who contributed most to the fame of the Worcester works, one of the greatest of porcelain factories. Cyril Cook has written an account of the life of this distinguished engraver and of his designs on Battersea and Staffordshire enamels and Bow and Worcester porcelain. It is published under the title of THE LIFE AND WORK OF ROBERT HANCOCK (Chapman and Hall. 42s.). Hancock was even more prolific in his output than was previously realised, and his biographer has done a real service in collating some of the new information about this rather mysterious man and brilliant craftsman.

Frank Smythe, untiring climber, clever photographer, has produced ROCKY MOUNTAINS (A. and C. Black. 30s.), a record of his journeying in Canada's far West, where he trained British and American troops in snow and mountain warfare. The present book follows more or less conventional paths. As usual, the photography is first-rate.

From the same region of Western Canada, but off the beaten track, comes THE UNKNOWN MOUNTAIN (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.), in which Don Munday tells the dramatic story of the conquest of Mount Waddington in 1936, the apex of the coast range which defied him for nearly ten years. It is a story of high endeavour told very much in the manner of Frank Smythe and with the same modesty and quiet enthusiasm.

THE GUEST-ROOM BOOK (Sheed and Ward. 10s. 6d.) contains a full-length mystery story, sixty short pieces of prose, a host of drawings, and some verses, including Chesterton's delightfully appropriate lines:

"Impetuously I sprang from bed,
long before lunch was up,
that I might drain the dizzy dew
from day's first golden cup."



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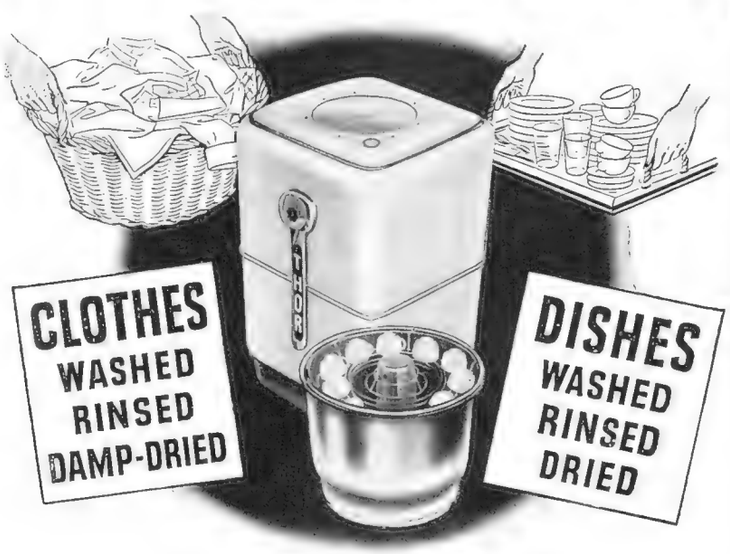

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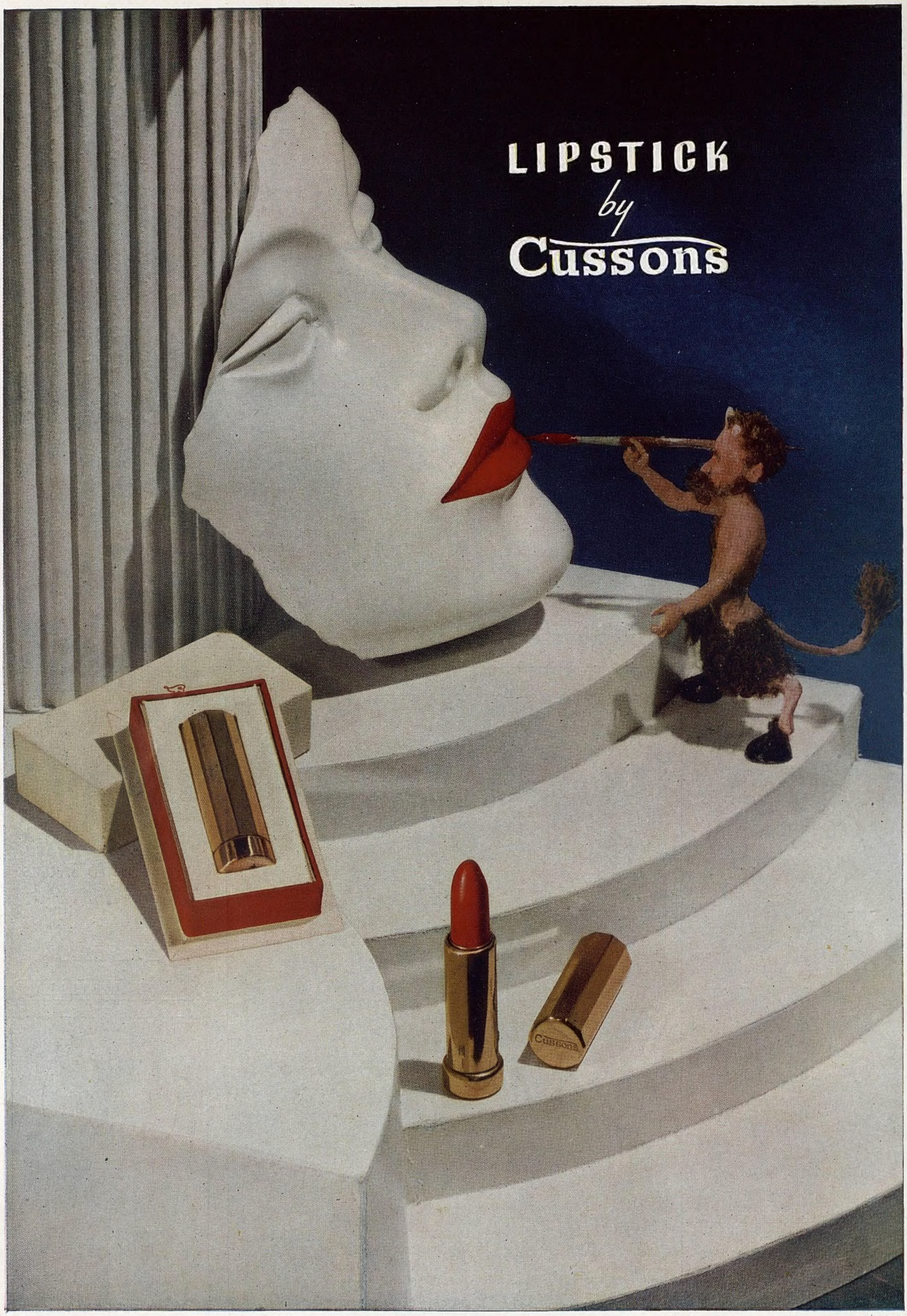

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